RWBY: Remnant and Dragons (Discontinued)

By: vanquish356

Everyone has their hobbies, and Jaune has his. And it was Dungeons and Dragons. But he had always kept it a secret, even from his teammates. However, that changed when Team Rwby stumbled upon him playing with his friends and asked to play with him. Little did he know, this would lead to others asking him to teach them to play, even from people he had never expected. JaunexHarem.

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Introduction
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4

Chapter 1

Remnant and Dragons

'Alright, hopefully, I got everything. Books, sets, figures, and papers for the campaign.' I thought as I packed everything into a large travel bag. Standing up, I went to my desk and grabbed my wallet, sweater, and motion pills. Once I had everything and zipped up my hoodie, I returned to my bed, grabbed the bag, and made my way to the door. But before I could grab the doorknob, it opened to reveal a confused Ren.

"Uh, where are you going, Jaune?" He asked as he stepped inside the room and closed the door.

'Come on, remember your excuses.' I thought, trying to come up with a good excuse. And it had to be believable as Ren was one of few people here at Beacon nearly impossible to deceive. Or, to put it in the words of the game my friends and I play, Ren has a +5 for insight, perception, and advantage on those rolls. "I'm going to meet with some childhood friends in Vale."

"I thought you said you didn't have any friends until you met us, Jaune?" Ren asked, raising an eyebrow before pointing to the bag. "Plus, why are you bringing a travel bag with you?"

"Yes and no. I *did* have friends before coming to Beacon, but they were online, so I didn't count them. But we are finally meeting today. As for the bag, it has some drinks, motion sickness pills, and a few books as we do have that test for Oobleck next Friday."

"Alright. Just be careful." Ren said before heading to the space he uses for his daily meditation.

"I will."

"Will you be telling the others?"

"Can you? They are still in class, and the signal is pretty bad where I'm meeting my friends."

"And Team Rwby?"

"No, they don't need to know, and I doubt they would care."

"Will you be gone for the day or the weekend?"

"The weekend."

"Alright. Stay safe and be careful." Ren said before closing his eyes and getting in a meditative stance.

Nodding my thanks, I exited the dorm room and bolted down the hallways. While most of the other students were in class, there were still plenty out of class and roaming the halls. And while I doubted they would care where the 'weakest student' is heading in a rush, I didn't want to take a chance. Plus, I wanted to keep what I was doing a secret from the students and my friends/teammates. Everybody had a hobby, and I had mine. While I wasn't ashamed of my hobby, far from it actually, I just did not want to deal with the numerous questions and snickering that are guaranteed to follow.

Shaking my head, I cleared my thoughts and focused on getting to the bullheads in time before the influx of students came. And after about five minutes of running, I finally arrived at the airstrip and got on the nearest bullhead. But before I sat in my seat, I reached into my bag and pulled out my motion sickness pills and a bottle of water. Aura might be a wonderful thing to have, but it doesn't fix any ailment or injury one might receive in their daily life. And sadly, air sickness was one of them. Yet, I didn't let it bother me as I was excited to be heading into Vale to meet with my friends and play our favorite game. But as the bullhead ascended and headed to Vale, only one thing was on my mind.

'Thank Oum for the Nat 20 deception roll on Ren.'

Forty Minutes Later

"Mask's Shrine of Offerings. A fancy way of saying you're going to lose all your money here." I said as I closed the taxi door with a wince. While it might seem like an exaggeration, it wasn't. You weren't going to get mugged or anything, but your wallet will be begging for mercy at the end of the day after you finish spending it all here. No, I'm not kidding. The price of the merchandise sold here is so high that it is borderline robbery. Yet, that only made the store's name make sense as Mask is the Lord of Shadows and master of all thieves.

Chuckling, I paid the driver before entering the store. And once inside, I smiled when I saw the usual hundred or so people going about the ground floor and getting what they wanted, trading, or battling others. That was the neat thing about this store. While it might look relatively small on the outside, it was anything but that once you are inside. The first floor, while tiny, was dedicated solely to card games like Yu-Gi-Oh, Magic the Gathering, and Vanguard. But the rest of the magic happened on the six floors beneath the ground floor.

"Hey, kid. Back for another session?" The store owner, Teale, said, smiling. However, while Teale is her birth name, she goes by Lliira when working in the store. When questioned why she uses this name, Teale explains that Lliira is the goddess of joy and loves bringing joy to those who enter the store.

"Yup. Do you know what table they are using?" I asked as I made my way over to the counter.

"Table number eighteen. They are already set up and are just waiting for you. Oh, and before I forget. Here." Teale said, handing me my ID. Once you become a member, you receive your card. It wasn't anything special. The only thing you could do with it was place lien on it, so you didn't have to carry around a bulking wallet. The store does offer discounts, but they apply them automatically.

"Thanks."

Teale nodded, smiling before moving to ring up the next customer. After putting the card in my wallet, I headed toward the stairs in the back of the room. While there are six subfloors beneath the ground floor, the one I am looking for is the fourth. And while I could use the elevator, I chose not to as I wanted to see the other subfloors.

And they were just as hectic and chaotic as I remember. The first sub-floor was all about anime/manga/hentai. Any series, any movie, any book, you name it, it was here. Even the rarest and most obscure versions you could find here. Not only that, but the store even had entire series in dub, sub, and original.

The second subfloor was vastly different compared to the first subfloor. Instead of movies and books, rows upon rows of video games and board games lined the walls and filled the shelves. And like the previous subfloor, any games you wanted, you could find it here; even the most obscure titles. But unlike the last subfloor, dozens of tables and consoles are ready, so you can try out the games before purchasing them.

However, the third subfloor didn't have any games, shows, or cards you could buy. Instead, the surprisingly massive room had dozens of restaurants and stands where you could buy food and drinks. Healthy or unhealthy, from Vacuo or Mistral, there was food here that you would love. Speaking of which, since I would be here most of the day with the others, we were bound to get hungry and thirsty. Walking to our favorite restaurant, I ordered six extra-large pizzas and extra-large sodas. After a couple of minutes, I grabbed the boxes and sodas. Luckily, when you order more than two pizzas, the employees give you a bag so you can carry your order more efficiently.

Walking back to the stairs, I went down one more floor and smiled when I saw the multiple tables and people spread about the room. And each table held about three to twelve people. However, those were single tables. The conjoined or large tables easily sat up

twenty-four people at once. At first glance, one might assume the people sitting at the tables were playing some type of board game. And they were sort of right as, in a sense, it could be called a board game. But it was not.

It was Dungeons and Dragons.

'As the memories.' I thought, smiling as I walked past the tables and headed toward where my friends were. But I did make sure to keep an eye out for any rogue D4s on the floor as those things were like caltrops. However, I stopped in my tracks when I heard someone groaning nearby. Deciding to check it out, I made my way over to a table where all the occupants had shocked expressions on their faces. "Everything all right?"

"Oh, hey, Jaune." The dungeon master, or Dm as we sometimes call it, said, still in a shocked stupor.

"Hey, Cobalt. Again, is everything alright?"

"No." One of the players answered.

"What happened?"

"Something totally unexpected that led to a TPK." Another player answered.

"How exactly did you TPK the party?" I asked Cobalt, who let out a groan.

"It's not entirely his fault." The third player interjected.

"The dice?" I asked, and they nodded. "Makes sense. It's always a love-hate relationship with them. Anyway, what level are you guys?"

"We're level three. I'm a cleric." The first player answered.

"I'm a druid." The second player added.

"And I'm a wizard." The final player answered.

"A druid, a cleric, and a wizard. That sounds fun. But I'm still going to need to know how you TPK them." I said, turning to Cobalt.

"They were on a boat heading to the giants' lair. And they failed their roll and were attacked by piercers." He answered, causing me to become surprised.

"Wait. Let me get this straight. You put piercers against your level-three party! Do you know how much damage those suckers can do in a single turn!? How many did you even send against them?"

"Only one each. And yes, I did know the damage they can output."

"Didn't you fudge the numbers as every DM does?"

"HA! I KNEW YOU GUYS FUDGE THE NUMBERS!" Player 2 shouted.

"We all do." I answered before turning back to Cobalt. "Well?"

"I couldn't fudge the numbers as I rolled them out in the open."

"Oh. Yeah, that's a good reason for not fudging the numbers. What was the damage?"

"Twenty-four on the Druid. Twenty-eight on the cleric-"

"Wait. Wouldn't they be only in their death saving throws and not killed?"

"We had just finished a battle, and the cleric was out of healing spells, and we had gone through all our healing potions during the fight. I only had eight hp left, and the cleric only had two. Plus, our hp max was low as we rolled pretty badly." Player 2 explained.

"And we already failed two of out of our three death-saving throws. Druid was dead, and I failed my last one." Player 1 added.

"And the wizard?" I asked. While there were some memes out there about wizards dying to 1d4 everything, there was still a slim chance player 3's character survived.

"Dead. Got a crit on me." Player 3 answered.

"And what do you guys do for crits?"

"Skill checks are auto pass. Saves mean we take no damage and/or are unaffected by whatever is thrown at us. For attacks, it is times three max damage."

A wizard's max hp with a +5 at every level would give the wizard a max hp of 33. But that's never going to happen. Basically, the wizard is deader than someone's hopes of a realistic campaign in a futuristic setting.

"What now?" I asked with a wince.

"Time to make new characters. Oh, boy." Player 3 said as she grabbed some new character sheets.

"Wait."

"What?" Cobalt asked.

"You said your characters were going to the giants' lair, right?"

"Yeah."

"What for?"

"To meet up with them so they can learn more about what is ailing the giants."

"Maybe, instead of making new characters. Have the giants cast resurrection on their bodies. That way, they can keep playing and don't need new characters, for now at least."

"That could work. What say, you guys?" Cobalt asked his players, who nodded their answers. "Thanks, Jaune."

"No problem."

Getting up, I grabbed the food and continued making my way to my table. But I smiled when I listened in on the stories, actions, and cursing the dice other players made as I passed them. Although, I did make a mental note to ask the Dm at table three about these arcane sticks she homebrewed. They sounded interesting, but I'm curious how she balanced them. However, before I could think of any possible ways she could do so, a voice called out, catching my attention.

"HEY, JAUNE! OVER HERE!" The voice shouted. Smiling, I picked up the pace and raced to table eighteen.

"Hey, guys. Sorry, I'm late. And I got everyone their favorite." I said, sitting down before handing each one their pizza and drink.

"No problem, man. We know how it is to escape teammates. Especially when they are nosy and want to know everything you're going today as Neon does with me." Flynt said as he grabbed his box, opened it, and took out a slice of onion and sausage pizza. Flynt is a huntsman-in-training at Atlas. However, due to classes being canceled and the Vytal Festival coming up, Ironwood allowed him a few extra weeks in Vale as part of a mini-vacation.

"Definitely. And I should know, considering who's on my team." May Zedong said, grabbing her pizza. But instead of sitting immediately, she grabbed her chair and moved it so she could sit next to me. Smiling, I gently squeezed her hand while she took a bite of her bacon, sausage, jalapeno, and sriracha sauce pizza. She smiled back before swallowing her food and leaning into to kiss me. May Zedong is a huntress-in-training at Shade Academy. Like Flynt, her school allowed her a few more weeks to prepare for the Vytal Festival. Although, as she explained, it was for the students to practice more to win the competition as failure was looked down

upon in Vacuo. However, as her teammates have done so with her many times previously, she abandoned them to come here and play.

"While I don't have any experiences like May here, I do know what it's like to have invasive teammates and invasive policies." Ciel Soleil said, rolling her eyes as she grabbed her pizza. But as with May, she moved her seat next to me before sitting down. She then locked lips with me, which lasted a few seconds before pulling apart, leaving me dazed for a few seconds. She then smiled before taking a slice of her red pepper and mushroom pizza. Ciel Soleil is a student at Atlas like Flynt and also had extra vacation days.

"I am thankful that my teammates were never slovenly like May's, and Haven doesn't have any invasive policies as Atlas has. But even if my teammates were slovenly, I would drill it out of them by the halfway point of the semester." Arslan Altan said, moving to grab her pizza. But before she took it, she wrapped her hands around my neck and kissed my cheek. She then took the pizza box back to her seat, which was across the table, and took a bite out of her chicken, black olive, and spinach pizza slice. Arslan Altan is a student at Haven Academy and the leader of her team. But unlike May, Ciel, and Flynt's reasons for extra days, hers was different. A week prior, she went to the Lionheart and requested that her team have a few additional days off to practice as they were participating in the Vytal Festival. And due to their excellent grades and performance, Lionheart granted her request.

And before anyone questioned it, yes. Arslan, Ciel, and May are my girlfriends. Why and how did this happen; I'm still trying to process and understand. But I wasn't going to complain. In fact, I'm grateful to be in a relationship with them. They are beautiful, mature, and have great personalities. And we all genuinely love each other. Although, many would find this kind of relationship hard to believe, considering how different our personalities are.

"Alright, so, can we begin?" Flynt asked.

"Yeah." I answered while setting my spot up with everything I needed. "You all have your character sheets, right?"

"Yes." They answered, raising their sheets.

"Remind me again what class you all are playing?"

"I'm playing as a College of Lore Bard." Flynt said.

"I'm a Fey Wanderer Druid. But I also chose the Primal Awareness feature instead of the other one and chose the Druidic Warrior as my fighting style." May said.

"So, you basically just said you want to become a druid without actually choosing the druid class and want to attack from a distance." Flynt said, chuckling.

"Pretty much. I was going to choose the Drake Warden subclass but didn't feel like it."

"I'm a Paladin with the Blessed Warrior fighting style." Ciel said.

"What oath did you take?" I asked.

"Let me guess, the oath of throwing it back?" May asked, causing everyone to chuckle.

"Sadly, that's not an official oath yet. I chose the Oath of the Ancients."

"What about you, Arslan?" I asked.

"I chose The Way of the Ascendant Dragon monk. And I also chose to take all the optional abilities as well."

"What a rag-tag team we are." May said, smirking.

"Alright. So let's begin today's session." I said, finally finished setting everything I needed and put up my DM shield.

"Where are we, and what time is it?" Ciel asked as she took out a pencil and paper. She loved taking notes and keeping track of everything that happened during sessions.

"It is mid-day, and you four finally reached the town of Timor Ignoti." I answered, smiling as another session began. "Now, what do you wish to do?"

Note:

A one-shot I felt like doing.

Chapter 2

Rwby: Remnant and Dragons

Chap 2

"Okay. That happened." I said, dumbfounded at how Ciel, Arslan, May, and Flynt managed to beat the boss. It was utterly unexpected yet expected at the same time as I knew how crafty my friends were.

"Wait. Did we do it?" May excitedly ask.

"Is the BBEG dead?" Ciel asked.

"Yup."

"Oh, thank, Oum, that's over. Otherwise, we would have been in trouble, as I'm out of spell slots and bardic inspiration." Flynt sighed in relief.

"Same here, and I'm out of arrows." May said, leaning back in her chair. "Can I try and recover some arrows?"

"Sure. Give me a perception check."

"Wait. I thought you didn't have to roll to search for arrows after a battle?" Ciel asked, confused.

"No, you don't. But the roll is because of the environment, making it hard to see." I explained.

"Ah, makes sense."

"What did you roll?"

"Twenty-two."

"Nice roll. You find fifteen arrows."

"That's good." May said before erasing the number on her character sheet and replacing it with the number fifteen.

"What now?" I asked.

"Can we loot the body and room?" Arslan asked.

"Of course. Everyone, give me a perception check."

"16"

"22"

"18"

"Nat 20"

"Nice, Ciel." I said, causing her to blush. "Alright. You all find 500 copper, 100 silver, 10 gold, and 1000 platinum."

"Do we find any items?" Flynt asked.

"Yes, you all find five items. The first is the Ring Of X-Ray Vision."

"That's mine." May interjected. Nodding, Ciel wrote it down before motioning for me to continue.

"You also find a Sun Blade."

"That's for me." Ciel said before writing it down.

"Legendary armor."

"If you all don't mind, I could use that as my AC is low." Flynt said with everyone nodding.

"Okay. Iron Bands Of Binding"

"What does that do?" Ciel asked.

"It's a rusty iron sphere that measures 3 inches in diameter and weighs 1 pound. On an action, you can speak the command word and throw the sphere at a Huge or smaller creature you can see within 60 feet of you. It then opens up and restrains the target. The target must then make a DC 20 save or remain restrained. It can only do this once; if it fails, all subsequent attempts automatically fail. Once the bands are used, they can't be used again until the next dawn."

"Is there an attack bonus to the bands?" May asked.

"Yes. You make a ranged attack roll with an attack bonus equal to your Dexterity modifier plus your proficiency bonus."

"If that's the case, then I think we are all in agreement that it goes to Arslan as she has the best Dex here." Flynt said.

"And what's the last item?" Arslan asked.

"A Belt of Giant Strength."

"What type?" Ciel asked.

"Cloud Giant."

"Well, that obviously goes to your character, Jaune, since he is the barbarian."

"Okay. Now, what do you all do?"

"I think we leave the place and head back to the village." Flynt answered.

"Alright. But as you head toward the exit, you all hear something calling out."

"Can we make out whatever it is saying?" May asked.

"Yes. But you are only able to make out a few words. And they are in this order: Evil. Chaos. Death. More. Help me."

"Yeah, that's not foreboding at all." Arslan said.

"Do you try and find the source?"

"I think we should." Ciel answered.

"Are you sure? Remember the other time we followed a mysterious and nearly got captured?" Flynt asked.

"But nothing ventured, nothing gained." May countered.

"Alright."

"What do we roll to find it?" Arslan asked.

"Give me an investigation check with disadvantage, as the sound seems to be coming from all around the room."

"15 and 18."

"21 and 19."

"Nat 20 and ***Groan*** Nat 1."

"12 and 19."

"Okay." I began trying my best to hold in my laughter. "May. Because of that Nat 1, you think the sound is coming from underneath your feet. And each time you move, you think the sound moves with you."

"Anybody got a shovel? I think it's coming from underneath me." May said, going along with a smirk.

"I do. But unless you want to fall to your death as we are still in the floating castle, I don't suggest you dig for it." Flynt answered, chuckling.

"Did I find the source with my 19?" Arslan asked.

"Yes. You find a secret door behind the altar on the other side of the room." I answered.

"Okay. Can we open it?" Ciel asked.

"Yes. There is no lock, and the handle is intact."

"We do so, and what do we find?" May asked.

"You all see a small three-by-three room. In the center is a tiny pillar, and a ten-inch diameter crystal globe is on it."

"Can I make a history roll to see if my character knows what it is?" Flynt asked.

"Yes."

"27."

"Your character recognizes it as an Orb of Dragonkind. One of the two Orbs thought to have been destroyed during the wars. But you also notice that something is off with it."

"Should we take it?" May asked.

"I'm not sure." Arslan answered before turning to me. "Can I roll something to see if I can figure out what's wrong with the orb?"

"No. The pass is too high, and your character probably wouldn't know what to look for."

"Is the Orb of Dragonkind an attunement item?" Ciel asked.

"Yes, but your characters wouldn't know that."

"Hmm. As much as I want to say that we leave it, we need to find out what's wrong with it and why the BBEG has it." Flynt said.

"But it's too dangerous to carry it ourselves." Arslan added.

"We can put it in the bag of holding." May said.

"That could work, but we still need to touch it to put it in the bag of holding." Ciel reminded.

"Wait. I can cast mage hand to have the hand pick up and store the Orb of Dragonkind into the bag of holding." Flynt said.

"That will work."

"Okay, I do that with May's character holding the bag open."

"And as soon as you do that, the castle starts shaking. The BBEG created a trap that would destroy the castle when someone removes the Orb of Dragonkind."

"Alright, everyone. I'm casting Bless with my last-second level spell slot. But also stay within ten feet of me so my aura of protection can give you a boost." Ciel said.

"As you run through the castle's hallways, bricks start coming down all around you. Everyone, give me a Dex save."

"Remember. A +3 and a D4." Ciel reminded.

"What are the rolls?" I asked.

"18."

"16."

"21."

"15."

"Okay. You all passed and managed to get out of the castle without getting crushed." I said. "Now, what do you all do?"

"Head back to Timor Ignoti to get some rest and resupply." Arslan answered.

"Okay. You all ride your horses back to the town, where the leader thanks you and gives each of you a room to stay at their most lavish hotel. He also says that when you are all rest, you can talk about the reward." I said before closing my Dm shield. "I think we can call it for today, as it's getting late."

"Yeah. It's past midnight, and I need to answer some texts Neon sent me." Flynt agreed.

"Same here, as my friends have been texting me almost non-stop. And If I don't answer soon, they'll form a search and destroy." I said, taking out my scroll and answering some of their messages.

"Don't you mean search and rescue?" May asked.

"No, I do mean search and destroy. My friends and teammates at Beacon are very protective of me, and they will destroy anything they think harmed me."

"Kind of like your sisters?" Flynt asked.

"Yes and no. While they would do the same, my sisters are far worse. While my friends at Beacon would destroy a building or block, my sisters would destroy the entire town to find me." I answered as we finished putting our stuff away and piled up the trash.

"So, what time should we meet up tomorrow?" Arslan asked.

"Well, you four are going to the hotel May booked, so I doubt we need to set a time to give everyone a chance to prepare. But how about we meet up here at around nine?" Flynt asked, smirking when he saw us blush.

"Sounds good." May said as we brought our garbage to the bin.

"Alright. See you tomorrow, guys." Flynt said before turning to me. "Oh, and Jaune."

"Yes?"

"Good luck, man, and try to get some sleep." He said before leaving. Rolling our eyes, Ciel, May, Arslan, and I followed him out of the store. But while he went to the bullheads, we went to the hotel May booked. And I did manage to get some of the best sleep I ever had after May, Ciel, and Arslan had their way with me.

Next Day 11:00 PM

"Sorry for the delay, guys, but Neon wanted to talk, and I had to send a report to Ironwood." Flynt said as he sat at our table.

"It's fine, Flynt. We know how it is." Ciel said.

"And here, we got you your favorite." Arslan said as she handed him a meatball sub.

"Thanks." He said before taking a bite and swallowing. "But I see you four had a good night. Did any of you get any actual sleep?"

"Yes." We answered, blushing.

"Anyway, are we ready to start?" May asked, leaning into my side.

"Yes." The others answered.

"Alright. What do guys want to do?" I asked.

"Talk with the leader so we can get our reward and learn what he has discovered about the Orb of Dragonkind." Arslan answered.

"Alright. After meeting at the local bar for breakfast, you head to the northern part of town to meet with the leader. And after a bit of searching, you all find him talking with an Artillerist Artificer."

"Good day, sir. I take it you slept well." Ciel said, going into character.

'Thank Oum; my parents let me take voice lessons.' I thought before clearing my throat. "Why, yes, I did sleep well. In fact, it was the best sleep I ever had. And it was all thanks to our artificers and wizards working together."

"Did you discover anything about the Orb of Dragonkind?" Flynt asked.

"Unfortunately, yes, but not much. We did confirm that something was off but not exactly what. And for everyone's safety, it best we keep it in our special safe for the next few days."

"Why?" Arslan asked. "And hearing this, my character balls her fists."

"No, don't worry, adventurers. It's nothing like how you are probably thinking. While we didn't learn what's wrong with the Orb, we did make an unsettling discovery."

"Like what?" May asked.

"What most don't know is that the evil essence of a dragon resides in the Orb. But it is not very powerful and struggles to even communicate with anything that picks up the Orb. Yet now it can reach out and attempt to control creatures thirty feet away."

"That's a good reason to keep it locked away. But what should we do in the meantime?" Arslan asked.

"Well, there is the job wanted board in the center of town. Perhaps you can help around until we discover more of the Orb."

"We can do a few jobs as we are low on money. Thank you, sir." Ciel said.

"No problem. Now, if you all will excuse me, I must talk with another Artificer working on plans to create a permanent solution to motion

sickness." I said before coughing for a few seconds. "And with that, the leader walks away."

"I don't trust that leader." Flynt said.

"Yeah, me neither. But he hasn't done anything that could indicate he has ulterior motives." Ciel said.

"But there's nothing we can do, nor can we find out by using the traditional means. We're heavily outmatched by everyone here. Plus, they have weapons or abilities we had never seen before." Arslan reminded.

"But we better keep our guard up in case anything happens." May said. "Shall we go to the job board now?"

"Yes." They answered.

"Alright. You make your way to the town's center and see the help wanted board." I said.

"What jobs are available?" Ciel asked.

"Let's see. There is a transportation job. A fetch quest where some artificers require someone to obtain some rare plants. Another quest is where someone needs help repairing the northern fence. There is a paper looking for volunteers for the scouting party tonight."

"Hmm. Anything else?" Flynt asked.

"Yes. After sifting through some of the papers, you discover an ad for members to sign up for the search and rescue party."

"Does it say what they need help looking for?" May asked.

"Yes. They are searching for a young elf male that suddenly disappeared from their friend's gro-OW!" I said before grunting in pain when I felt something tackle me to the ground.

"JAUNE!" Flynt, May, Ciel, and Arslan shouted, worried. But before they could find out what tackled me, the person spoke up.

"JAUNE! I FINALLY FOUND YOU!" The unmistakable voice of Beacon's young reaper shouted, ecstatic.

"Uh, Jaune. Who's that?" Flynt asked, confused.

"This is Beacon's resident reaper, Ruby. She is also the leader of her team, Team Rwby." I answered with a groan.

"And Jaune's best friend." Ruby said as she got off before helping me up.

"Uh, Ruby. Not to sound mean or anything, but how did you find me?" I asked while picking up some papers that fell on the floor.

"We found you through our incredible teamwork and detective work after you disappeared for no reason and didn't tell anyone, causing us to become worried." Another voice answered. Turning to it, we saw the rest of Team RWBY walking toward us.

"And by incredible detective work, she means that we saw you walking into this place with the others." Blake clarified. "But what Yang said is true. We did become worried when we didn't see you this morning or yesterday."

"Sorry. But I figured you guys wouldn't notice my absence nor care where I went, as you all probably had more important things that needed your attention. But if it makes you feel any better, I did tell my team I would be gone for the weekend." I sheepishly said.

"Jaune, while we might not be teammates or close friends, we are still friends." Weiss said, slightly annoyed.

"But enough of that. We're just glad our favorite vomit boy is safe." Yang teased with a smile, causing the others to laugh at the nickname. However, we became slightly worried when Yang became

angry again. "But either way, mind telling us why you are here, who are your friends, and why you kept this place a secret from us?"

"Uh-"

"Seriously, Jaune. This place is amazing and has a fantastic book collection. And the movie selection isn't bad either." Blake interjected.

"But why is it called Mask's Shine of offerings? I don't see any shines?" Ruby asked.

"It is pretty neat." Flynt said, catching the others off guard.

"I'm guessing that's why it took you four a few hours to find Jaune, considering we got here at nine if what you said is true." Arslan said, smirking.

"Yeah, we kind of got sidetracked." Yang said, rubbing the back of her head.

"As for the name, Mask is the name of the Lord of Thieves. And his followers often did things to gain his favor, while others gave offerings so their valuables would not be stolen. While nothing like that will happen here, the name is more or less to say that you will lose a lot of lien after you finish shopping." Ciel explained.

"Wait a minute. Ciel, Flynt. What are you two doing here? I thought you both were in Atlas?" Weiss asked, shocked at seeing two Atlas students here.

"Ironwood gave us a few days off to prepare for the Vytal Festival. But instead, we're using it to play our favorite game." Flynt answered.

"Which is?"

"Dungeons and Dragons." Ciel answered.

"What's that?" Yang and Ruby asked.

"Dungeons and Dragons is a tabletop roleplaying game all about telling stories, becoming a character, and having fun with your friends. Or, in this case, friends and your lover." May boldly said, surprising everyone before pulling me close and kissing me on the lips.

"Wait. You have a girlfriend, Jaune?" Blake asked, surprised.

"Three, actually." Flynt corrected as Ciel and Arslan grabbed me and made me sit down, with them moving their chairs to sit next to me.

"Three!? Damn, Vomit Boy. Who knew you had it in you? Maybe I should start calling you Lady Slayer." Yang said while wiping a figurative tear from her eye.

"Anyway, now that this is over, do you guys mind keeping this a secret?" I asked.

"Why?" Weiss asked.

"Despite how popular Dungeons and Dragons currently is, with thousands if not millions of players in each kingdom, there are still people who ridicule the game and the people who play it." Ciel explained.

"And unfortunately, Jaune used to be on the receiving end of it. And we do mean a lot." Arslan added.

"Oh." Team Rwby said.

"Don't worry, Jaune. We'll keep it a secret." Ruby said with the others nodding.

"Thanks, guys." I said in relief.

"But anyway." Yang began with a smirk that sent chills down my spine. "You still owe us."

"For what?"

"While we did agree to keep us a secret, you still owe us for keeping this place a secret and scaring us."

"Fair. So, what do you want?"

"We want you to teach us this game and how to play it."

"Wait. What?" I asked, not at all expecting her answer.

"Yeah. Teach us. If it is that popular, it has to be fun." Ruby said.

"Oh, it definitely is fun, especially when you have a good DM." Arslan interjected.

"DM?" Yang asked.

"DM means Dungeon Master. That is the title given to the person who is the game organizer and participant in charge of creating the details and challenges of a given adventure while maintaining a realistic continuity of events. Although, sometimes players use GM instead of DM." Blake answered, surprising everyone.

"Uh, how do you know that?" Flynt asked.

"I brought a book that's filled with different terms." Blake answered while holding up a book named 1001 gaming terms.

"Oh, you became a member?" May asked.

"Yup. I'm definitely coming back here when I get the chance. There is no way I'm missing out on this place." Blake answered while showing her new ID.

"What do you guys think?" I asked, turning to the others.

"Sure. The more, the merrier." Arslan answered, with the others agreeing.

"Alright. How about you, Weiss and Blake? Do you two want to join?"

"Sure. It seems like a good way to pass the time, and I always enjoyed some fantasy games where you get to be someone or something else." Blake answered.

"And I always enjoyed games where strategy is a component, especially if it is a tabletop game." Weiss added.

"Okay. Great. Now let me just-" I began but stopped when Blake spoke up.

"Wait. Before we begin, two things. One, can you tell us your names. We know Jaune. And we know Ciel and Flynt because Weiss said their names. But what about you two?" Blake asked, pointing to Arslan and May.

"I'm May Zedong, and I'm from Shade."

"And I'm Arslan Altan. I'm from Haven."

"And what's the second thing?" Ciel asked.

"Do you mind if we get some food first? We didn't have breakfast yet."

"Doesn't Beacon have a cafeteria?" Arslan asked, surprised.

"They do, but the food is barely edible half the time, with the other half sending anyone who dares to eat it to the infirmary." I explained.

"Ah, makes sense." May said.

"Will there ever be a school that gives its students decent, edible food that won't make them sick?" Flynt asked.

"Not unless the councils give them more money, which we know will never happen." Arslan answered.

"But what about Atlas?" Yang asked.

"Atlas does give its students *good* food; the taste, though, is a different story. They focus more on giving the necessary nutrition that the chefs forgo taste, which makes the food bland and undesirable." Ciel explained.

"That sucks." Ruby said.

"But anyway, let's get some food, and we can get started." I said as we got up and headed to the third subfloor.

Half an Hour Later

"Alright. Is everyone ready?" I asked as I put down my burger.

"Yes." Everyone answered before grabbing a napkin to wipe their hands. I was sitting at one end of the table while everyone else sat at the other end. The seating arrangement going from left to right is Yang, Flynt, Ruby, Arslan, Blake, May, Weiss, and Ciel.

"Okay. So, first off, here are your character sheets." I said, handing Team Rwby their character sheets while the others pulled out their own.

"Uh." Ruby said, unsure of what to make of each sheet.

"The top sheet is all about your character's skills, saving throws, abilities, equipment, etc. The middle sheet is for your spells if your character has access to them. The last page is for miscellaneous stuff you won't need to worry about for this session." I explained.

"Really, it's there only for convenience for more serious campaigns, things you need to remember, and to describe what your character looks like. Other than that, it's not really needed for now." Flynt added.

"So, how do we know what to fill in?" Yang asked.

"First, you have to pick a class." I answered while opening my scroll and pulling up a page that showed all the classes before sliding it to them. "Here. Choose one you would like to play this time."

"Wow. There's a lot." Blake said as they scrolled through the list.

"Is there any restriction to any of the classes?" Weiss asked.

"No. Just choose one that calls you."

"OOH! How about this one?" Ruby asked.

"Which one?" Arslan asked, looking at the scroll.

"Which one she's pointing at?" I asked.

"The artificer class." Arslan answered.

"Ah, you might want to choose another class, Ruby." I told her.

"Why? I thought we could choose any class?" Blake asked.

"The Artificer class is a VERY front-loaded class. And you need a good grasp of the basic rules of the game even to play it somewhat effectively. Otherwise, you would just be lost the entire time." Ciel explained.

"Oh. Okay." Ruby dejectedly said before continuing to look for another class. "Is there a class that's good with guns?"

"Will you allow guns, Jaune?" May asked.

"For this one-shot session, yes."

"What do you mean 'for this session'?" Yang asked.

"It is up to the DM whether guns are allowed or not, as sometimes guns aren't available or invented yet." Ciel answered, only to get confused looks.

"It's up to the DM and the campaign they set. Sometimes it could be in a world where there are no guns, a time before guns, or a time when guns are considered obsolete. But you're in luck as Jaune is allowing it this time." Flynt explained.

"But to answer your question, Ruby. There are two official classes that can specialize in guns. The first one is the Artificer, which, again, you are not choosing. The second is the subclass of the Fighter, which is the Gunslinger."

"Which reminds me, what level are you making them?" Arslan asked.

"Hmm. Make everyone level five but go through leveling up with each of them, so they know how it's supposed to be done."

"Alright."

"So, Ruby. You want to choose the Fighter with the Gunslinger Martial Archetype?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Okay, that would mean you get guns but lose some weapons as a tradeoff."

"Like what?"

"When creating a class, you get a list of weapons/items you start with, but I'm taking some away to keep it balanced. Instead of having two martial weapons or a shield and martial weapon, you will have the options for guns. You can choose between two Palm Pistols and a Blunderbus or a Pistol and a Flintlock."

"Pistol and Flintlock."

"Okay. Write that down. And here." I said, passing Ruby a sheet.

"What's this?"

"Firearms have their own set of properties. This is so that you have a reminder of how they work on hand."

"Quick question, Jaune." Weiss said, getting my attention.

"Yes?"

"What's the difference between the Martial Archetype and Fighting style?"

"Oh, that's simple. The Martial Archetype for the Fighter is what kind of Fighter they are while Fighting Style is a particular style of fighting. Simply put, the first determines what kind of Fighter you are while the second determines how you fight."

"That makes sense, kinda." Weiss said, still confused.

"Just give it time; it will make sense soon." I assured.

"So, what Fighting Style do you want to pick?" Arslan asked.

"I can only choose one?" Ruby asked.

"Yes, but when you get to certain levels, you can change your Fighting Style. But I doubt you will reach that level as this will be a one-shot session."

"What would you recommend as all these seem like good choices? Well, almost all of them."

"Seeing as you are using guns, can only use one at a time, and the campaign will be on dry land, I would suggest the Archery Fighting Style."

"Alright, I choose that."

"Okay. Now the final step before Arslan helps you finish is for you to pick two Trick Shots. Personally, I'd recommend the Disarming and Dazing Shots, but you can choose what you want."

"Jaune, what does Advantage mean in this case?" Blake asked.

"Oh, when you attempt to attack or do almost anything else, you must roll a D20 to see if you succeed or fail. But you only roll once. However, you roll twice if you have disadvantage or advantage. For disadvantage, you use the lower of the two rolls, while for advantage, you use the higher number."

"Okay, that makes sense."

"I'll think I'll choose the Deadeye and Forceful Shot Trick Shots." Ruby said.

"Okay, now Ruby's character is done. Arslan, can you help her with everything else but leave out the Ability scores for now?" I asked.

"Sure." She said before realizing something. "What race are they playing, or are you going to let them choose?"

"Yang, Ruby, and Weiss will have the Variant Human as their race."

"What about me?" Blake asked, raising an eyebrow. "Wait, does the game not have a Faunus race?"

"Not yet. The game's creators are still trying to balance it out, which is harder than you would expect. However, we can create one thanks to Tasha's Custom Lineage."

"Really?"

"Yes, but I have one for you already set. I made it when I was bored and had some time to spare." I said before passing Blake a sheet containing her custom race.

"Thanks, Jaune. But what is Darkvision?"

"Darkvision essentially means that a character can see in Dim Light as if it was bright light and complete darkness as if it were Dim Light." May explained.

"But what do feats entail?" Weiss asked.

"And background?" Yang added.

"I'll go over those two later. But for now." I said before turning back to Blake. "Did you know what class you want to play as, Blake?"

"The Rogue seems interesting." She answered.

"Oh, so you want to be one of the sneaky ones?" May asked.

"Do you know what Archetype you want to be?" I asked.

"The Inquisitive Archetype seems interesting, and it even gives my character a few things that I normally do."

"Alright. Would you like to take the Steady Aim ability as it's optional?"

"What does that do?"

"As a bonus action, which I will explain later, you can give yourself advantage on your next attack on the condition that you hadn't moved during the turn you use this ability. And if you do, you can't move at all until the next round of fighting." May answered.

"Hmm. I don't think I will take that."

"Okay. May, you can help Blake with the rest." I said before turning to Weiss and Yang. "Are you two ready?"

"I'm still looking." Yang answered.

"I think I know what I want." Weiss answered.

"What class do you want to play as?" Ciel asked.

"The Bard class." Weiss answered, surprising us.

"I honestly wasn't expecting that." I said.

"Why?"

"Bards are a support class. They are masters of song, speech, and the magic they contain. They are-"

"I'm definitely taking that, then." Weiss interjected.

"Uh-"

"You don't know this, Jaune, but I always had a passion for singing and acting when Jacques wasn't forcing me to study business." Weiss explained.

"Okay, then that makes sense. And I just realized that we have our first magic class."

"Magic class?"

"Yes. Bards are one of the classes that can cast magic. But I'll let Ciel explain how that works after we finish setting up your character." I explained.

"But for now, what Bard College would you like to pick?" Ciel asked.

"I think I will choose the College of Swords on account that I use a rapier."

"Alright. Now which Fighting Style do you choose: Dueling or Two-Weapon Fighting?" I asked.

"Dueling."

"Okay. Ciel, can you take care of the rest?"

"Sure."

"Yang. Did you choose a class yet, or do you need more time?"

"I'm stuck between the Fighter and the Barbarian. Each has something I want. Is there a way I can choose both of them?"

"Yes, that is called multi-classing. But I'm not allowing that for this first session. But there is another way I can give you what you want. But for now, let's start with the Barbarian class, as I think that fits you better."

"Alright, I trust you."

"What Primal Path seems interesting to you?" Flynt asked.

"I think I will take Berserker, considering this whole rage mechanic is basically my semblance." Yang answered. "But don't any of you dare to call my character mindless."

"Noted." I said, slightly scared.

"Do barbarians have access to magic?"

"A form of magic, yes, but only in specific Primal Paths. But even then, it's not the same as Bards or other spell casters." Flynt answered.

"Okay, got that down. Flynt, can you take care of the rest?"

"Sure, man."

"Where are you going, Jaune?" Arslan asked as I got up.

"I'll be back. I just need to grab something." I answered before heading to the ground floor.

Half an Hour Later

"Okay, I'm back. Did you guys finish setting up their characters?" I asked as I sat in my chair.

"Yeah. We went over everything, including the death-saving throws, languages, hit points, temporary hit points, AC, speed, initiative, and where everything goes on their character sheets." Ciel answered.

"And did you guys understand everything?" I asked.

"For the most part. It was a lot more than we were expecting." Blake answered, with the others either shrugging or shaking their hands.

"It seems a lot at first, but after a few characters, you guys will plow through this easily." I assured.

"But you still have to tell us what Backgrounds, Feats, and Ability scores are for." Weiss said.

"Backgrounds are meant to represent your character's life before they became an adventurer. And depending on which background you choose, they can give added abilities or make your character proficient in more skills. But they also give suggestions on you should roleplay your character."

"What about feats?" Ruby asked.

"Feats represent a Talent or an area of expertise that gives a character unique capabilities. But unlike backgrounds, which are mandatory in most cases, Feats are different." Arslan answered.

"How so?"

"That depends on the DM. Some will follow what the rules say about Feats, some say Feats are not allowed, others will have their own rules regarding Feats and their criteria to gain one, etc." Flynt answered.

"But for this session, you will all have two feats." I said.

"Are there any other ways to gain feats outside of the rules?" Weiss asked.

"Only one comes to mind at the moment, and that is the race you are all playing as, which is the Variant Human, which grants the players one Feat. Blake's custom lineage race also gives her one Feat. But I'm giving you all an additional feat. But remember, this will only be for this first session."

"Can we choose them now?" Ruby asked.

"Later. First, the ability scores." I answered.

"Right, what do they represent?" Weiss asked.

"Some of the names are self-explanatory. But two, I will explain. Constitution essentially represents how healthy your character is, while Wisdom measures a character's practical intelligence, cleverness, perceptiveness, and how in tune they are with the world around them. Ability Scores essentially represent how good your character is at something."

"That makes sense, considering not everyone is the same, and some are better than others in specific fields." Weiss said.

"But how do we determine our ability scores?" Yang asked.

"There are a few ways. But in order to roll for them, you all need a set of dice. And I just so happen to buy you guys some while the others were helping you make your characters." I said before giving each member of Team Rwby a bag containing a complete dice set.

"WOW, JAUNE! THESE ARE SO COOL AND AMAZING!" Ruby shouted, amazed.

"Yeah, Jaune. These are amazing." Yang agreed as she took out and examined her dice set.

"And how they incorporated our crests and color scheme is impeccable." Weiss added as she examined her family's crest on

each dice. The dice I got for each of them had their crest on each side, with the dice themselves being their color scheme.

"But I wonder, how much did they charge you to make these?" Blake asked.

"Don't worry about it. Think of it as a gift for being great friends but also as a welcoming gift to Dungeons and Dragons." I said, trying not to wince as the total cost for their new dice was roughly 1500 lien.

"Well, you've outdone yourself, Jaune. These are truly something else." Yang said.

"But how do we roll for our ability scores?" Ruby asked.

"There are a couple of official standard ways. But there are also a couple of unofficial ones. The one I will have you all use is what we call the 9:15 way. You all get one 9 and one 15 to put in any ability score you wish. But for the rest, you roll one D20 and use whatever number it lands on. However, if it rolls below a 9, you get a 9. The same applies to the 15; if it rolls above, you place a 15." I answered.

"And if it rolls between those two numbers, we use that number, right?" Blake asked.

"Yes."

"Alright. Here goes nothing." Yang said as they rolled their D20 four times.

"And here they will learn what it's like to have a love-hate relationship with the dice." May said, causing everyone to chuckle.

"Wait until they hear about crit fails and crit success." I said, trying my best not to laugh out loud.

"Are you all done?" Arslan asked.

"Yes." They answered.

"Alright. Now, we can move onto backgrounds." I said while pulling up the correct site on my scroll before handing it to Ruby.

"Wow, there is a lot here." Blake said as they kept scrolling.

"I think I will go with the Folk Hero." Ruby said.

"Okay. Write that down at the top of your character sheet. Then fill in the circle next to Animal Handling and Survival. And once you're done, look through the traits, bonds, ideals, and flaws and choose any of the options listed." I said.

"What about my Defining Event?"

"You can write down in Character Backstory. But which one will you choose?"

"The one where it says I stood alone against a terrible monster."

"Okay. Now how about the rest of you?"

"I'll choose the Noble because I relate to that." Weiss answered.

"Criminal for me, considering what... I have done." Blake said.

"And I'll choose the Urban Bounty Hunter." Yang said.

"Why?" Ciel asked.

"Well, that's the reason why I wanted to become a huntress. So I can become a bounty hunter."

"Alright. Now we need to select your Feats before we can begin. But as you scroll through the list, keep in mind that some Feats require a prerequisite." I said as I showed them the list on my scroll.

"Uh, wow. Um." Yang said as they scrolled through the list.

"Having some trouble?" Ciel asked.

"Yeah. There is a lot here, and we're not sure which one to choose." Weiss answered.

"Want us to help?" Flynt asked.

"Yes, please." They answered.

"Alright. Ruby. Since you're a Gunslinger Fighter, the Gunner Feat will be perfect for you as it covers some of the weaknesses of your class. But I'm not sure what I should give you for your second Feat." Arslan said.

"Is there one that increases my speed?" Ruby asked.

"Yes. That's the Mobile Feat which increases your speed by ten feet, makes you unaffected by difficult terrain, and makes it, so you don't provoke opportunity attacks."

"Oh. I want that since my semblance is speed."

"Okay."

"What about you, Blake?" May asked.

"Are there any Feats that make me more alert or easier to miss? I feel like that would tie into my race and class." Blake asked.

"There are a few, but two come to mind. The first is the Alert Feat which makes it so that enemies can surprise you, gives you a +5 to initiative, and makes it so that enemies don't gain advantage as a result of being unseen by you. The second Feat is Skulker. It makes it easier for you to hide, allows you to remain hidden after missing an attack while in cover, and Dim Light doesn't impose disadvantage on perception checks. There is a prerequisite that you must meet, which is having a Dex score of 13. But you have a 15, so you qualify."

"Those will be good. Thanks."

"How about you, Weiss?" Ciel asked.

"The Actor Feat feels like a good choice, but I'm not sure what's the second one I should pick."

"Hmm. Well, you did say you studied a lot when you were back in Atlas, right? Well, we can translate your studies into giving you extra proficiencies with Skilled Feat and the Skill Expert Feat."

"What's the difference between them?"

"The Skilled Feat allows you to gain proficiency in any combination of three skills or tools of your choice. The Skill Expert Feat gives you a +1 to any Ability Score, proficiency in one skill, and you gain expertise in that skill."

"What does expertise do again?"

"You double your proficiency bonus to one skill of your choice in which you have proficiency."

"I would suggest you take the Skill Expert Feat as that will be more useful in this session." I interjected.

"Okay. Thank you, Ciel." Weiss said.

"Oh, that reminds me. Don't forget to add your racial bonus to your Ability Scores. And if your Feats grants you an increase, add it as well." I said.

"Right. I nearly forgot about that." Ciel said before helping Weiss.

"What about you, Yang?" Flynt asked.

"Well, Jaune said he had something in mind to give me what I wanted, whatever that is."

"Right. Typically, Barbarians use weapons such as a Greataxe or handaxes. But I feel like you would prefer to fight with your fists,

right?"

"Yup. Don't need weapons like that when you got your fists." Yang said, smirking.

"The Fighter class has a Fighting Style which is Unarmed Fighting. It allows you to use your fists with much greater force behind them. And the Fighting Initiate Feat will give you that Fighting Style."

"Now we're talking. That is much more my style. But what about my second Feat?"

"Well, since you love to drink and can make anything a lethal weapon, I feel like the Tavern Brawler Feat would be a perfect fit for you."

"What does it give me?"

"A +1 to strength or con, and proficiency with improvised weapons. Also, when you hit a creature with an unarmed strike or an improvised weapon on your turn, you can use a bonus action to attempt to grapple the target. The Feat also makes your unarmed strikes a D4, but your Unarmed Fighting Style makes them a D8, so that's pointless."

"Okay. Now that all this is done, can we begin?" Weiss asked.

"Yes." I answered, smiling. "Welcome to your first Dungeons and Dragons Session."

"Awesome." Yang and Ruby said.

"But what about you guys? Are you going to be joining?" Blake asked Ciel, Flynt, May, and Arslan.

"Oh, we will. Ciel, May, and I will be joining but in a different way." Arslan answered with a smirk.

"But how about Flynt and Jaune?" Weiss asked.

"I'm the Dm. I guide the story but I will have a character in the story and so will Flynt. But we will appear at a later point." I answered.

"And we will be more like support for when you guys get into trouble." Flynt added.

"That's comforting." Yang said, eyeing us. And how she did so reminded me of when I sent chills down the others' spines when I began rolling lots of dice for no reason or explanation. Their reaction when they learned I was messing with them was priceless, even if I did get a few dice thrown at me.

"Okay. So let's begin. You four arrive at the town of Helios. Each from a different entrance. The city is small but has a simple, cozy feeling to it. The houses are made from wood, and the people living there are some of the friendliest any of you have ever met in your life. And very quickly, you all realize this town has everything anyone could ever want. Now, where would you all like to meet?"

Note: A simple two-shot.

Chapter 3

Rwby: Remnant and Dragons

Chap 3: Team Rwby

"Alright. So where would you four like to meet? Or would you like to visit another place before?" I asked.

"I would like to look around and see if there is a library." Weiss answered.

"I want to see if I can get a layout of the town." Blake answered.

"I want to go and see the town smith or armory." Ruby answered.

"And I want to go, grab a drink, and see if there are any bounties." Yang answered.

"Alright. Let's start with Ruby." I said, turning to Ruby. "Would you like to try and find it yourself or ask one of the locals?"

"Find it myself." Ruby answered.

"Alright. Roll an investigation."

"Uh. With this one, right?" Ruby asked, holding up a d10.

"No. That's a d10. Roll this." I said, showing a d20.

"Okay. Um. That's this one. I don't think I can do investigation. The bubble is not filled in."

"No. You can roll investigation." Arslan said. "When a bubble is not filled in, it means that you don't add your proficiency bonus, which is this one."

"Okay. So I only add my intelligence ability score to whatever I roll?"

"Yes." I answered.

"Alright. Let's see." Ruby said before rolling the d20. "That's a sixteen. And because I have a -1 in my ability score, that means I got a fifteen, right?"

"Yes. And with that fifteen, you find the town smith." I said before clearing my throat and speaking in a deeper accent. "Welcome. Welcome to my store. The name is Lady Olynder. What can I do for you?"

"Yes. Can I browse your wares?"

"Yes, but unfortunately, we don't have much for sale."

"Oh. What do you have then?"

"We have a few daggers and shields."

"Uh, Jaune?" Ruby asked.

"Yes?" I asked.

"How much money do our characters have?"

"Right. I forgot about that. There are five standard types of currency in DnD. Bronze, Silver, Electrum, Gold, and Platinum. Nobody really uses Electrum, so you don't have to worry about that one. And each currency is a tenth of whatever the next one is. So ten bronze is one silver, and ten silver is one gold. Anyway, you each have twenty-five gold. So write that down in the slot where it says GP in equipment." I explained.

"Okay." Ruby said, writing it down. "How much does a dagger cost?"

"A single dagger costs two gold pieces." I answered, changing my voice.

"And the shield?"

"Ten gold pieces."

"Huh. I don't think I will need those, so do you have ammunition?"

"Yes. But for what weapon?"

"Pistol and a musket."

"We do for those two weapons. How much do you want? Four gold pieces for twenty pistol ammo. And five gold pieces for twenty musket ammo."

"Wait. Let me see something." Ruby said as she looked through her character sheets. She seemed to have trouble looking for something, but Arslan helped her.

"I put the ammo for your firearms here." She said, pointing to the equipment part.

"Okay. So I have twenty ammo for the musket and the pistol. So I will take forty ammo for the pistol and twenty for my musket."

"That will be thirteen gold." I said.

"Okay." Ruby said before hesitating. "Do I need to say that my character gives the owner the money?"

"You can if you want to. A major part of DnD is roleplaying. But it is not mandatory unless it is a role-play-heavy campaign, but even then, not really."

"Okay. My character gives the lady the money."

"Here you go. The lady gives you the ammo, Ruby." I said. "Now. Do you shop for anything else, or that's it?"

"I think that's it."

"Okay. Now for Blake." I said, turning to her. "You said your character wants to get a layout of the town, right?"

"Yes." Blake answered.

"Is it something your character would typically do or not?"

"It's something she would do, and I would do."

"Okay. I'm just going to say this now; you're not going to need the layout of the town. I won't say why though. But since it's something your character would do, how about a map instead?"

"That would do. Where can my character find one?"

"At the town shop. Do you try to find it yourself or ask one of the locals?"

"Can I see if I can find someone who is part of the thieve's guild?"

"Sure. Roll me either a perception or investigation." I answered.

"Don't forget to double your proficiency bonus." May reminded.

"Right." Blake said before rolling. "That's an eighteen. My proficiency bonus is three, but I double that, so six. I don't have a plus or minus in my ability score. That means I got a twenty-four."

"You successfully find someone from the local Thieves Guild. He looks like a frail old man. But from your roll, you know it's just a front. But despite being from a different Thieves Guild, he smiles at you." I answered before changing my voice again. "Welcome to the town, fellow rogue. Do you seek something?"

"Wait. Quick question. What's thieves cant?" Blake asked, curious.

"Thieves Cant is basically another way of communicating. Its main purpose is to pass along messages without anyone else knowing about them. But it takes four times as long to convey the message.

It's not really practical outside a few niche situations." May explained.

"Can we have it this time?" Blake asked.

"Sure. Just pretend we're talking in thieves cant since I'm not too sure how it would go." I answered. "So, do you need something?"

"Yes. I want to know if you have a map of the town and surrounding area or if you can point me in the right direction to acquire one." Blake answered.

"No need to go any further. I have one right here. It will cost you one gold piece, though. But for another three, I will give you the material to make future maps relatively easily."

"Okay. Here you go."

"Much obliged. The man gives you the material before walking off. And almost like a ghost, he vanishes into the crowd." I said. "Now, what does your character do?"

"I think that's it for me. At least for now."

"Alright. Now for Weiss. You said you wanted to check the library, right?"

"Yes." Weiss answered. "I want to see if they have any information on creatures and monsters native to the land. But I also want to know about the laws."

"You're in luck then. The local library is right in front of you. Do you enter or want to have a look around first?"

"I enter."

"Okay, and almost immediately, the receptionist spots you. Hello, young one. What's a noble like yourself doing in this remote town?"

"I wanted to escape my father's rule and make a name for myself."

"That's nice. What can I do for you?"

"I would like to know if you have any books about the local fauna and plant life I could rent. And if possible, any books about the law around here."

"Well, we don't have any books pertaining about the law. And we have one copy about the local fauna available. But you cannot take it out of the city."

"That's fine. I'll bring it back before I leave."

"Okay. Is that it for you, Weiss?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Now for Yang." I said, turning to her. "You wanted to check to see if there are any available bounties and grab something to drink, right?"

"Yes." Yang answered.

"Alright. After asking around, you head to the local tavern, as that's where they give out the bounties. However, after talking with the person in charge, he tells you they don't have any active bounties."

"Shame. Well, my character goes to the bartender and orders a drink." Yang said.

"Okay. Roll me a constitution saving throw as the drink is strong."

"Would my character's feat help me?" Yang asked, curious.

"Not in this case." Flynt answered.

"Okay." Yang said before rolling. "That's a five on the die. I have... a three on this bonus and a two in constitution, so... seven."

"And that's a fail. You needed a ten to pass. So your character is now tipsy. You now have disadvantage on all dexterity checks." I said before rolling a d10. "And the effect will last for two hours."

"Great." Yang said, rolling her eyes. "In that case, my character goes to a corner table to wait until she is sober again."

"Alright. And at the same time, Ruby's, Wiess's, and Blake's characters enter the tavern simultaneously. A waitress greets you three and leads you to the table where Yang's character is at. Do you three order anything?"

"No. My character just sits and looks over the maps the guild member gave me." Blake answered.

"And mine goes over the books." Weiss added.

"Because of that, Weiss, your character now has advantage in animal handling and nature checks." I interjected. "What about you, Ruby?"

"Since my character is all grown up, I say she orders a drink since no one is there to stop her." Ruby answered, earning a glance from Yang.

"Alright. Give me a constitution saving throw."

"I got an eleven with the bonuses."

"Okay, nothing happens aside from a burning feeling you feel in the back of your throat. But it lasts only for a few seconds. Do you do anything else?"

"Yes. I polish my pistol and musket and take stock of everything I have."

"Alright. Yang. Does your character do anything or make any remark to the waitress seating three strangers at your table?"

"No. My character ignores them and decides to take a nap." Yang answered.

"Okay. For the next hour, nothing noteworthy happens aside from some occasional yelling coming from some drunk patrons. However, after about an hour, the air in the tavern suddenly changes. Everyone, roll me a perception check to see if you can find the cause. Yang, you roll with disadvantage because your character is still tipsy." I said.

"That's a twelve plus six, eighteen." Blake said.

"I got a fourteen." Ruby said.

"That is a twelve." Weiss said.

"Okay. I have a -1 in wisdom and a plus three in proficiency. The first roll is thirteen, so that's fifteen. And the second roll is a three, so a five." Yang said with a groan, causing Flynt, May, Arslan, and Ciel to chuckle.

"Yang, Weiss. You two don't see anything. Ruby, you could make something out, but you're not entirely sure what it is. Blake, you see the cause of it."

"Can I make out what it is?" Blake asked.

"Only that it's a figure in a cloak, and it is the cause of the sudden shift in the air. However, it seems to immediately realize that you spotted it, and is now making its way over to your table." I said. "Also. Do you tell the others that you see someone coming over?"

"Wouldn't my character already have told them since we know each other?" Blake asked, curious and confused.

"Out of game, yes, you four know each other. But in-game, no. You four are complete strangers." I answered.

"Does it always have to be like that?" Weiss asked.

"No, not always. If the players want, they can make it so that their characters know each other. The only time a Dm would not allow that is because it pertains to either the setting or story. But that is rare, and you can typically work something out with the Dm." Ciel answered.

"Okay. I'll tell the others that something is coming our way." Blake said.

"Do you three respond to Blake's character, who is a stranger, remember, that something is coming your way?" I asked.

"My character asks what is coming our way while readying her pistol." Ruby answered.

"A hooded figure. I think it's the cause of the sudden shift in the air." Blake answered.

"My character continues reading but readies herself to attack with her rapier in case the figure proves hostile." Weiss answered. "Wait. Do I have to roll to do that?"

"No. That's called Ready Action. In simplistic terms, you determine what triggers your reaction, which in this case, is an attack. And once the trigger... triggers it, your reaction goes off. There are a few caveats to Ready Action, but none of them apply here." Ciel explained.

"Okay. My character does the Ready Action to attack the figure if it does anything hostile." Weiss said.

"What about you, Yang?" I asked.

"My character sits upright and cracks her knuckles." Yang answered.

"Okay. The figure reaches your table and looks at each of you before speaking." I said before clearing my throat. "Ah, relax, weary

adventurers. I mean none of you any harm. I just wanted to ensure my old eyes weren't deceiving me."

"Deceiving you in what way my character asks." Weiss said.

"Deceiving me in that the four eminent adventurers my master had sent me to find were sitting at the same table under the roof of my favorite tavern."

"Wait, you were looking for all of us? Why?" Yang said. "Can I intimidate this figure while she asks this?"

"Yes, but with disadvantage, because you're still tipsy from the drink." I answered.

"Okay. I rolled a twelve and an eleven. It's with disadvantage, so I take the lower one and minus one, so ten."

"And he rolled a modified twenty-two, so you failed to intimidate him, Yang." I said.

"Damn it."

"Don't worry, adventurer; I'm not so easily frightened due to my adventures and oath. But I see that you're drunk, so let me fix that. The figure points at you, Yang, mutters something that you can't understand and then gently touches your shoulder. You feel a warmth similar to that of a fire spread throughout your body before disappearing. And as soon as it does, you feel sober as if you never had a drink in the first place."

"Can I roll something to see if I know what the figure did?" Weiss asked.

"Yes, but you don't have to, as you can ask the figure what he did."

"Uh, what did you do to her?" Ruby asked.

"I cast upon her the Lesser Restoration spell, so she becomes clearheaded. I require all of you to be coherent for what I'm about to tell you as it is of the utmost importance."

"First off, thanks for that." Yang began.

"And second, what do you need to tell us that's so important." Blake continued.

"But more importantly, who are your masters?" Weiss asked.

"Well, I call them masters out of habit. But they are not really masters in any sense of the word. Yes, they are our leaders, but they hold no power over us like that of a king. We can do as we please within reason. We all just look toward them as they are the ones leading this endeavor." I answered.

"My character says that's not cryptic at all." Ruby said.

"My apologies. But I cannot speak in great detail about them outside of our home."

"Is there a way I can see if the figure is lying?" Weiss asked.

"Yes. That's called insight. But that's not its only use. You can use insight for social encounters to tell if someone is tired and just wants to go home, if someone is trying to maneuver themselves into a favorable position, and if someone is trying to impress someone else. Think of the insight skill as the perception skill but for social encounters." Ciel explained.

"Okay, so can I roll insight?"

"Yes. You can, Weiss." I answered.

"Don't forget to double your proficiency bonus." Ciel reminded. Nodding, Weiss grabbed her d20 and rolled but then let out a groan.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Looks like Yang's luck rubbed off on my roll. I got an eight with the die landing on a two." Weiss answered.

"And from that roll, your character feels like the figure is telling the truth." I said, trying my best to hold back a chuckle.

"Imagine if she rolled a number lower." Flynt whispered to me.

"The results would have been hilarious." I said, smirking.

"I whisper to the others and say that I think this figure is telling the truth." Weiss said.

"Maybe. But that still doesn't answer our other questions." Ruby said.

"Right." I said, going back into character. "Yes, my apologies. But the matter that caused my masters to send me to find you four is something long overdue."

"Which is?" Blake asked.

"To finally end the rule and destruction caused by the god of the chromatic dragons, Tiamat. My masters are gathering all the fiercest fighters, spellcasters, and anyone willing to fight from across the different planes of existence."

"Who's Tiamat?" Ruby asked, curious.

"Are you asking that out of character or in character?" Arslan asked.

"What do you mean?" Yang asked.

"In games, mainly tabletop games, there's a thing called metagaming. It's where a roleplayer makes use of knowledge that they have learned out of character, which their character does not know, while they are in character to gain an advantage over others. It's basically cheating." Flynt answered. "That's why Arslan asked if you're asking out of character or in character."

"Oh. I ask that out of character." Ruby said.

"Tiamat is the lawful evil dragon goddess of greed, queen of evil dragons, which are Chromatic Dragons. She is arrogant, greedy, hateful, spiteful, and vain. Tiamat disdains mortals and sees them as nothing more than tools in order to gain more power and wealth. She is one of the most powerful dragons and bosses in Dungeons and Dragons." I explained.

"Wow. Are we going to face Tiamat?" Blake asked.

"Not in this one-shot. Tiamat is so powerful that putting her in the game requires the full range of the game's ruleset. She is more for advanced players that have been playing the game for a while, like me, Ciel, Arslan, Flynt, and Jaune." May answered.

"That's a relief." Yang said.

"Anyway. Would our characters know who Tiamat is?" Ruby asked.

"For Yang and you, Ruby, no. Your characters wouldn't know. Blake and Weiss can roll history to see if their characters can recall anything about Tiamat or if they have heard about her before. But Blake would need to roll with disadvantage." I answered.

"Alright. And I have a zero for Intelligence, and I don't have proficiency in history, so fourteen." Blake said.

"I got a seven and a plus four from the proficiency and intelligence, so eleven." Weiss said.

"Okay. Blake, you passed but barely, as thirteen was the number you needed to beat. Your character knows about Tiamat and some of her history behind her but not everything. Do you tell the others about it?" I asked.

"Yes. I tell the other a brief overview of what my character knows about Tiamat." Blake said.

"My character asks if we are really going to go up against a god." Yang said.

"Yes." I answered. "But not right now nor in the very near future. We are still gathering more people to fight with us. It will be a big battle after all."

"Let's say we agree; what will we get in return?" Ruby asked.

"After we defeat Tiamat, not only will your names be known across the planes, but everyone will have a share of Tiamat's fortune which she had been gathering for centuries."

"Sounds like a pretty sweet deal. My character is in." Yang said. "And as she says this, she stands up."

"Hold on, my character says. And while she says that, she grabs Yang's character's shoulder while getting up herself." Weiss said. "While I mostly hated my time with my so-called father, he did teach me one thing that's useful. And that is that there is always a catch. So what's the catch with this deal?"

"There are a few. However, they are more for security than anything. For starters, you cannot tell anyone about this: family, friends, allies, no one. Second, for the duration of this endeavor, you must stay/live at our base. That might seem excessive, but it's for your own protection. Lastly, outside contact is strictly forbidden. Despite knowing that Tiamat would love nothing more than to see everyone burn, there is a cult of worshippers that treat her as their god. If they catch wind of this, it will put our entire operation in jeopardy."

"Makes sense when you put it like that." Blake said.

"So, what do you four say? Are you in or out?" I asked.

"Well. I'm not sure about the others since I don't know them, but I'm in." Yang answered.

"If it means there will be one less tyrannical ruler across the planes, then I guess I'm in too." Weiss said.

"And it would also help me redeem myself for some of the things I had done." Blake said.

"And saving people is something I'm always willing to do." Ruby said.

"Excellent, excellent. Now, if you all may, follow me outside. My masters were kind enough to prepare a special carriage just for you four." I said. "You four get up and follow the figure out of the tavern and continue following him to the front gates of the town. But once you all arrive, you four see a massive wagon that's almost blood-red in color and has strange symbols all over it."

"Can we roll to see if we know what the symbols are and what they mean?" Weiss asked.

"No. None of your characters would know what they mean or be able to decipher them." I answered. "Anyway. Once you are near the wagon, the figure turns back to all of you. So, this is where we part ways for now. The driver here, Hell Driver, will take you to my masters' base. As he says, the driver turns to you and waves."

"Can you describe the driver, Jaune?" Ruby asked.

"Yes. The driver appears to be a medium-sized figure wearing strange-looking armor that seems as if the one who created it designed it with the sole purpose of having the wearer be a protector. But what catches everyone's eye is that none of you see any flesh on the driver, just metal. Roll me a history check to see if any of your characters would know what type of creature the driver is."

"Seven." Ruby said.

"Thirteen." Weiss said.

"Four." Blake said.

"Yes! I got a sixteen." Yang said.

"Yang. Your character recognizes the driver as a member of the species called Warforged. Warforges were a species initially created to fight in a war called the Last War. At first, they were mindless machines that did nothing aside from the orders their masters gave them. However, after a breakthrough in combining organic and inorganic material, the Warforged became sentient. Now, they roam the lands looking for purpose." I said.

"My character tells the others that the driver is a Warforged before telling them what you had just said." Yang said before turning back to me. "But why is it called Hell Driver?"

"The reason for that is two-fold." Flynt began. "Warforges never had names at first. Their owners or creators typically named them after what they did. So, their names are giveaways of what they do. The second reason is something that pertains to all DMs. And Jaune here is no exception."

"And what's that?" Ruby asked, earning a smirk from everyone else and a groan from me.

"Most, if not all, DMs can improvise plot lines and dialogue at a moment's notice. But ask them to give a name, and they freeze. DMs can create amazing worlds, and yet they struggle to give a character a name. Jaune here once gave an NPC the name of Brown Book." Arslan answered.

"I told you-" I started, but May cut me off.

"That you were not holding a brown book." She said, smirking.

"Is this why Jaune never gave us the figure's name?" Weiss asked.

"Yup." Ciel answered.

"Let's just continue." I said, slightly annoyed, but I smiled when I noticed how much Team Rwby was laughing. "Alright, adventuerers. I bid you all good luck. The figure then turns to the driver. Hell Driver. Make haste and bring them to our masters' lair. With that said, he leaves. Now. Do you all get on or take a moment to look around?"

"My character gets on the wagon." Yang said.

"Same." Blake and Ruby said.

"Wait. My character still has to return the book." Weiss said.

"Okay. Your character does that, Weiss. Afterward, you meet back up with the others before getting on the wagon. And as soon as you do, everyone notices how beautiful it is. There is only one room, yet it is far bigger than it looked on the outside. And the room is divided into four sections, with each section seemingly tailored to each of your characters. As your characters sit in their respective corners, you all hear the driver shout to you in an odd voice that none of you would expect from a Warforged. Buckle up, everyone. The road is going to get bumpy. And with a sharp cackle, all of you fall to the floor from the sudden movement. We'll be there in about an hour. What do you all do until then?"

"I guess we can have our characters get to know each other." Weiss said, with the others nodding.

"Alright. You all get to know each other and now trust one another. After what feels like an eternity, you feel the wagon come to a sudden halt, with the Warforge yelling a second later. Alright. We have arrived. If you want a front-row view, get out here and join me." I said. "Do you all join the driver or stay inside the wagon?"

"We go out. Well, my character does as she wants to see firsthand what we're getting ourselves into." Yang answered.

"Same." Weiss, Blake, and Ruby said.

"Alright. It's a bit of a struggle since this is a wagon you have never seen before, but after a couple of minutes, all of you are sitting next to the Warforge. Blake and Yang are sitting on the left, while Ruby and Weiss sit on the right."

"What do our characters see?" Weiss asked.

"Your characters notice that they are traveling down a dirt road in a forest none of them have been to before. While the trees were dense and made it hard to see through, there was a calming aura emanating from them. But after a few seconds, you see what appears to be a large village in the distance that's rapidly approaching. For a moment, you thought it was coming toward you, but you realize it is only the speed of the wagon. However, as you near the place, everyone hears a roar that causes everyone to become tense. Everyone, roll a perception check to see if you can find out where it's coming from." I said.

"Fourteen." Ruby said.

"Twelve." Yang said.

"Twenty-one." Blake said.

"Twenty-three." Weiss said.

"Hold on." Ciel interjected.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Looks like we got our first nat 20 of the day." She answered.

"Nat 20?" Weiss asked, confused.

"In D&D, there are official rules and unofficial rules. The unofficial rules are often called homebrew rules or house rules. They vary from table to table and group to group. These rules are usually to correct unpopular RAW rules or to make the game seem more realistic, among a handful of other reasons. Natural twenties mean you got a

twenty on the die. What this means, at least for skill checks in our group, is that you critically succeeded in the skill check. Essentially, you received a better result than just passing normally." I explained.

"Is there a critical fail, and does this house rule apply to other aspects of the game?" Blake asked.

"Yes. If you roll a one on the die, you critically fail. And this applies to other aspects of the game that I will explain when they come up. Just remember these house rules that we follow only pertain to us. So if you all decide to join another group, they might follow the same as us or a different version."

"And I'm just tossing this out there since it happened to me before joining Jaune's group." Flynt interjected. "There are some groups that don't follow any form of house rules. Some groups strictly follow RAW, which stands for rules as written."

"Okay. So what do I get from this Nat 20?" Weiss asked.

"Not only do you manage to find out where the roar came from, but you know what caused it. Your character, Weiss, gets the other characters' attention before pointing to the sky. And once everyone looks up, you all see an Adult Copper Dragon." I answered while taking out my scroll and passing it to them to show them an image of an Adult Copper Dragon.

"Wait. That thing is flying above us?" Yang asked.

"Yes."

"Is it going to attack us?" Ruby asked. "And as my character says this, she takes out her musket and aims it at the dragon."

"And as soon as you do that, Ruby, the dragon notices this, flies down to you, and hovers in front of the wagon. It looks at all of you in what seems to be amusement before opening its mouth as if getting ready to spew its acid-breath attack at you."

"Seeing this, we all get up and ready ourselves." Weiss said, with the others nodding.

"Yet, once you are all standing, the dragon just blows hot air that doesn't harm you."

"Wait. What?" Yang asked, confused.

"Wouldn't a dragon's attack be deadly?" Blake asked.

"Yup. But this is an Adult Copper Dragon. Despite being a weapon of mass destruction, they are jokesters and mischievous by nature. They love telling jokes and pulling pranks on others." May explained.

"So the dragon was just pulling a prank on us by making it look like it was going to attack us?" Weiss asked.

"Yes. And seems to be chuckling coming from the dragon seems to confirm this." I answered. "Once you all sit back down and recover from the prank, the Warforged stands up and shouts at the Copper Dragon. Hey! Get out of here, you overgrown lizard! The dragon chuckles one last time before flying towards the village."

"Are all dragons like that my character asks." Ruby said.

"No. Copper Dragons are typically the only race of dragons that like to pull pranks. Of course, there are a few outliers. But Boneback is the most mischievous one we have helping us. She loves pulling pranks despite the masters telling her to stop on numerous occasions."

"How come you weren't afraid of getting attacked? You don't look that durable. No offense." Blake said.

"None taken. And yeah, I might not look durable, but I am. And I recently got an upgrade that makes me immune to that lizard's acid-breath attack."

"Wow. That must be really useful when working with dragons like that." Weiss said.

"It is. And getting attacked by them in one of their pranks happens more than you would expect. Anyway. We're here."

"Really?" Yang asked.

"Yes. Take a look. Your characters looked toward where the Warforge if pointing. It was at this moment when your characters realized the village wasn't really a village. It is a castle that appears to have been turned into a fortress. If you want, give me a perception check to see if you can make out any other details." I said before remembering something. "Blake. You roll with advantage since this check is hearing-based."

"Why?" Blake asked.

"Your character is a feline faunus. And the ears would make it easier to hear certain things."

"Oh, right." Blake said before becoming curious. "Wait. If I have advantage because of that, would there be times I would have disadvantage?"

"Yes. If something is too loud or there is too much noise, you will have disadvantage on sound-based perception checks. The same for saving throws." I answered. "Now go ahead and roll if you want."

"Twenty-three." Ruby said.

"Nineteen." Yang said.

"Fourteen." Weiss said.

"First roll was a nine. The second is a fifteen. So that's twenty-one." Blake said.

"You all passed as the DC was thirteen. Straining your ears, you all hear the sounds of metal bashing metal and steel clashing with steel. It sounds like whoever is inside is preparing not for battle but for a war. Yet, you also hear the sounds of people going about there, but you don't know how as you can't see them. However, the sound that caused goosebumps to form on everyone's skin. Suddenly, you all hear low growling as the scent of ash assaults your senses and the temperature rise. Looking toward the source, everyone sees two massive figures wearing armor that looks like it can withstand a thousand attacks and not suffer a single dent. And that's not including the two enormous spiked shields both figures were wielding. They look so strong that they can move mountains if given enough of a running start."

"My character asks what those things are." Yang said before smiling. "And are they good in a fight?"

"Wait. Before you answer, can we roll to see if our characters would know what these guards are?" Ruby asked.

"Um. No. The closest one would be Yang's character since she has the Urban Bounty Hunter background, but even that's a stretch. Weiss's character might have some vague knowledge about giants in general but not these ones." I answered.

"So my character does what I said a few moments ago." Yang said.

"These are Fire Giant Dreadnoughts. And yes, they are. But I would not recommend fighting them. According to some rumors, give these guys a running start, and they can shove an Adult Red Dragon back a good number of feet." I said. "Anyway, we're here; the Warforge says as the wagon stops in front of the gate. He then motions for the Fire Giants to open the gate. They nodded, and with a heavy grunt, the Fire Giant Dreadnoughts raised their shields and rammed into the gates, opening them. They then turned back to all of you before motioning for you all to enter."

"My character asks if that was really necessary." Weiss said.

"As the Warforge drives the wagon through the gates and into the town, he answers your question. Yes and no. In Fire Giant Society, they value strength and forge craft. But don't let that fool you, as they also value knowledge. Those with brawn but few smarts are assigned to the lowest ranks. However, the strongest among those ranks have the chance to earn the title Dreadnought. They often act as bodyguards and front-line soldiers due to their incredible resilience and strength."

"Interesting. Can you tell us more?" Blake asked.

"Another time since we're here. With that said, the Warforge does something that causes the wagon to stop. And before anyone could ask anything, he jumps off before turning back to your characters. Well, that's enough exposition for now. Come. I'll take you to our masters."

"Alright. Our characters follow him." Yang said, with the others nodding.

"Okay. And as you do, all of you look around the town; you notice that it looks like any other. There are taverns, libraries, forges, smiths, schools, barracks, storages, and homes. But what sets it apart from any other town is how many training grounds there are. While a typical town might have one or two, you see thirty. And they range melee practice all the way to ranged spell attacks."

"What about the people?" Weiss asked.

"Some seem like your everyday type of people. But from what you can see, there are only a few humans. Everyone else is from all walks of life Lizardfolk, Fairies, Changelings, and anything other race."

"Where are you taking us my character asks the Warforged." Blake said.

"To the masters. They are currently residing inside the main building in the center of town."

"Can you tell us a bit more about this endeavor? The guy at the tavern didn't tell us much about it aside from the goal is to take out Tiamat." Weiss asked.

"Wait. Cindercrest didn't tell you anything else?"

"Not even his name. All he told us was that the mission was to take out Tiamat and cure me of my drunken state." Yang said.

"The Warforge gains an exasperated expression while muttering about the figure. That damn walking matchstick. Maybe a few good blows to the head might help him remember that he can not have alcohol."

"If you want, I can help you with that." Yang said.

"Ah. Does your character do anything while she says that, Yang?" I asked.

"Yup. She cracks her knuckles."

"I thought so. Everyone, roll a Wisdom saving throw with disadvantage." I said.

"Why?" Ruby nervously asked.

"Just do it." I said.

"Eight." Ruby said.

"Two." Yang said.

"Do I add my ability allow me to add my proficiency bonus to this saving throw?" Weiss asked.

"No. Saving throws and ability checks are two separate things." Ciel answered.

"Then I got a five."

"Twelve." Blake said.

"You all failed. Your characters suddenly become paralyzed with fear. Their blood runs cold, and their hands become sweaty and start to tremble. The hairs stand up on the back of their necks. Their hearts are beating faster than ever before. They look around to see what caused this sense of immense dread and see four beasts standing defiantly and protectively on the nearby houses. Their scales shimmer in the daylight, claws and teeth are as big as your chests, and steam comes from their noses as they glare at your characters with such ferocity. Your characters realize they are Adult dragons. One was silver; the second was bronze; the third iron, and the last was mercury."

"Oh, this isn't good." Blake said.

"What of the people there?" Weiss asked.

"Some glare at you while others ready themselves for a battle." I answered.

"Yeah. I think your character got us into some hot water, Yang." Ruby said.

"Yeah. Sorry." Yang said.

"Do we ready ourselves for a fight?" Blake asked.

"No. The Warforge raises his arms, shouts to everyone, and tells them that it was only a misunderstanding. The people nod before going about their day. But the dragons remain in place and continue to glare at your characters." I answered.

"Thank you for clearing that up my character says to the Warforge." Weiss said.

"No problem. And sorry about that, but people here are protective of each other and weary of outsiders. But please, for your safety, keep quiet and don't reach for your weapons until we make it to the building."

"Okay." Ruby, Yang, Blake, and Weiss said.

"As the Warforge leads you four to the town center, you notice that the dragons are following you as if to make sure none of you would cause any trouble. After a couple of minutes of walking, you all arrive at the building and see two massive statues in front of the doors. At first glance, they seem to be ordinary statues, but as you near them, your characters realize they are Iron Golems. They stare you down, anticipating an attack but relax their stance when they spot the Warforge and dragons. The golems then go back to standing guard as the doors open while the Warforge turns to your characters. Head on in; the masters are waiting for you. But just a word of warning, don't mess with them. They don't have too much patience."

"My character thanks the Warforge." Weiss said.

"Good luck, you'll need it. With that, the Warforge leaves as you four enter the building and notice how dark it is. Once inside, the golems pull the doors closed. Almost immediately, the entire room lights up, revealing hundreds of people sitting in stands, looking at your characters. Slowly, your characters walk to the center of the room. Give me a perception check."

"YES! A NAT 20!" Ruby shouted.

"Nice roll." Arslan said.

"An eighteen." Yang said.

"Seventeen." Weiss said.

"Sixteen." Blake said.

"Once in the center, you see that everyone present was wearing various types of clothing. For a moment, you all think the clothing represents their rank in the town. However, you all realize that it was to represent what they did in the town. You see medical experts, scholars, military leaders, strategists, etc. They all seem to be waiting for something. Ruby. Due to your Nat 20, you notice something else. On the far end of the building, you see three platforms that seem surprisingly sturdy, as if whoever made them wanted them to be able to withstand the weight of a hundred giants. Looking up, you then notice three hatches in the roof that appear big enough to let a dragon into the building." I said.

"My characters get the others' attention and point to the hatches." Ruby said. "What do you think those are for?"

"I have no idea." Yang answered.

"But I think we're going to find out soon." Weiss said.

"For the next few seconds, you four hear everyone whispering among themselves. But from what you could make out, especially you, Blake, none of it seems to concern any of you. However, they all quieted down when the sounds of a dragon's wings flapping approached the building. Soon, the hatches opened, and in came three Platinum Dragons that landed on the platforms. Once they were on the ground, mysterious figures in cloaks descended from the dragons and walked to stand in front of them." I said.

"Can I roll history to see if I know anything about these dragons?" Weiss asked.

"Because of your background, this is something you might have stumbled upon, Weiss. So yes, you can roll history but with disadvantage."

"An eighteen and fifteen on the die. Take the lowest and add my bonuses to that's a nineteen."

"You're character recognizes the dragons as Platnium Dragons and remembers that, according to the books she read, they are extremely rare. So rare, in fact, that many scholars believed there only ever existed one Platinum Dragon. However, you also recall some scrolls that contradict these statements."

"My character says in shock that she thought there was only ever one Platinum Dragon."

"Well, it looks like you are wrong cause I see three standing in front of us." Yang said.

"But I wonder who those figures are." Ruby said.

"Probably the leaders." Blake said.

"As you four discuss this, everyone else in the stands begins murmuring about what they think is going to happen. But they all fell silent when the three figures suddenly breathed out three different breath attacks. Once everyone was quiet, the figures removed the cloaks to reveal two Dragonborns and a Tabaxi." I said before coughing a bit.

"You okay, Jaune?" Ruby asked, worried.

"I'm fine." I answered before taking a sip of my drink.

"Are you sure?" Yang asked.

"He's fine, just his throat hurts." Flynt answered.

"Why?" Blake asked, curious and concerned.

"Jaune can change his voice to give NPCs different voices. But doing it continuously can strain his throat." May answered.

"You know you don't have to do it if it hurts, Jaune." Weiss said.

"I know. I just need a small break from doing the voices." I said. "That's why May, Ciel, and Arslan will be doing it for the next part."

"Wait. Aren't you the DM? And is this allowed?" Blake asked.

"Normally, no. But this one-shot session was something we've wanted to do for a while." May answered.

"And on occasion, a Dm can have someone else lead the campaign for a bit if they know what they are doing and have the notes available for them." Arslan added.

"What about Flynt? Is he going to roleplay as one of the leaders or do something else?" Yang asked.

"No. We have something else in mind. You'll see soon." Flynt answered.

"Anyway. Let's get back on track. I'm roleplaying the Tabaxi while May and Ciel do the two Dragonborns." Arslan said before clearing her throat. "Finally. Our new potential recruits have arrived."

"And just in time, as the last of the supplies has arrived." May said.

"With it, we can finally advance to the next phase of the plan." Ciel said.

"Uh. Hello? Can someone fill us in on the details? While my character says this, she growls at being ignored." Yang said.

"Yes. It's time to fill in the blanks and answer any questions you four might have." May said.

"As you probably already know, we are amassing a massive army comprised of brave, skilled adventurers and warriors to fight against the one who caused so much pain and suffering throughout the

planes. Tiamat, the Chromatic Dragon, Queen of Evil Dragonkind." Arslan said.

"Once they say the name, you four noticed that the dragons seem to grow tense while everyone starts mumbling again." I interjected while writing down a few things for the next part of the session.

"How do you plan on eliminating Tiamat?" Weiss asked.

"Yeah. If she's so powerful, I doubt we can simply attack her." Ruby said.

"We are going to attack her. But not directly and not right away." Ciel said.

"Then how are we going to attack her, and when?" Blake asked.

"First, we need to draw her out. There have been several attempts to kill her in the past, but all have failed. The reason is that they destroyed her avatar. We need to lure Tiamat herself out. And the best way to do that is to destroy all her worshipers and the buildings they built in her honor. She will see it as someone spitting on her name. Then, we gather hoards of gold to entice her further. Once Tiamat arrives, we then launch our attack." Arslan said.

"I feel like they're lying. I'm going to roll insight." Weiss said.

"Alright. Arslan. Roll." I said.

"Twenty-three." Weiss said.

"Eight." Arslan said.

"Like a mother listening to her child, you realize that they are telling the truth, but not the entire truth. They are purposely leaving out bits of information." I said.

"My character looks at the leaders with an accusatory glare. Uh-huh. Why don't you tell us the whole truth and stop beating around the

bush? Or, we can leave, and you can look for someone else." Weiss said.

"The leaders look at each other for a moment before nodding." I said.

"Yes. There's more to it." Ciel said.

"How much more?" Blake asked.

"A lot more." Arslan said.

"You see. There is a reason why Tiamat is feared across the lands. She has a lot of power at her disposal that even the gods are weary of her and tread carefully so as not to invoke her anger. However, there are a few species of dragons that are powerful enough to stand up against Tiamat, and they would love nothing more than finally get the chance to eliminate her." May said.

"And what are those dragons? Like the ones behind you?" Blake asked.

"No. We're talking about something far deadlier. We're talking about the legendary Catastrophic Dragons." Arslan answered.

"Catastrophic Dragons?" Ruby asked.

"Can we roll history to see if we know anything about them?" Weiss asked.

"No. Your characters wouldn't know anything about them." I answered.

"What are these Catastrophic Dragons?" Yang asked.

"According to legends, the first god of all dragons was Asgorath. However, after his death at the hands of a primordial, most dragons chose to serve either Bahamut or Tiamat. But some lost faith in the gods and turned to the primordials, believing they would win the war.

These dragons eventually became the Catastrophic Dragons. They sowed great destruction during the war and survived the primordials' downfall only to scatter across the planes once the last battle concluded." Ciel explained.

"So that's what the supplies are. To summon these dragons." Ruby said.

"No." Arslan answered.

"No?" Yang asked, confused.

"We already have the materials needed to summon the Catastrophic Dragons. However, like with everything in life, we need a contingency plan in case things go south." Ciel explained.

"Makes sense. Nothing in life ever goes as planned." Weiss said.

"Exactly." May said.

"Okay. So now we know that your goal is to eliminate Tiamat by luring her out and then attacking her with the support of these Catastrophic Dragons. But where do we fit in all this?" Blake asked.

"Like we said, we're amassing an army to help us in this endeavor." May answered.

"I think what our friend here meant was what's going to happen now. You all seemed rather impatient for our arrival." Yang said.

"Oh, that. Yes. Our mistake. As you probably know already, words can travel far. That's how we learned about you four. However, they can also become twisted along their journey. Facts become fiction, and fiction becomes facts. That's why we give all the incoming recruits a trial to prove their worth." Ciel answered.

"A trial. What kind of trial?" Ruby asked.

"The trials vary with each set of recruits." May answered.

"But before we can tell you four about it, we need to know if you're in or not." Arslan said.

"If we refuse?" Yang asked.

"If you refuse, nothing happens. We'll send you back to where we picked you up." May answered.

"And what if we fail this trial?" Blake asked.

"The same thing. We will send you back." Ciel answered.

"So what do you four say?" Arslan answered.

"What the heck. I'm in." Yang answered.

"I'm in too." Ruby said.

"Same." Blake added.

"Eh, might as well. Plus, the more time I stay away from my father, the better." Weiss said.

"In that case, welcome to the town." Arslan said.

"Now what?" Yang asked.

"One of our members will take you four to the warehouse across town to prepare you for your trials." Ciel answered.

"There, he will explain everything and answer any other questions you might have." May added.

"Now. Do you have any other questions for us?" Arslan asked.

"None that I can think of at the moment." Weiss answered.

"Same." Blake, Yang, and Ruby said.

"With that, this meeting is over." Arslan said.

"And with that, the three figures climbed back onto the dragons. The Dragons let out a mighty roar before flying out of the building, with the members slowly exiting as well. But as everyone leaves, a female in long white robes carrying a shield approaches you four. However, unlike everyone else, this one exudes an almost motherly aura. Once the figure reaches you, she greets you in a warm voice. You must be the new recruits." I said.

"Yes. We are." Yang said.

"Who might you be?" Blake asked.

"My name is Madeline. I am a Peace Domain cleric. I'm here to guide you four to the warehouse so you can get started on your trials." I said.

"Thank you for that." Weiss said.

"It is my pleasure. Please, follow me." I said. "Nodding, your characters follow the lady out of the building and across town. As you pass through the streets, you notice that despite the upcoming battle that was sure to end in many people's deaths, everyone seems calm and happy. If you didn't know any better, you might have thought everyone here knew each other their entire lives. After a couple of minutes of walking, you finally reach the warehouse. Stepping inside, you see that the place has everything a group of adventurers could ever need."

"So what's our trial going to be?" Yang asked.

"You must transport some materials to our ally's base up north. It's located next to the River Damon."

"That's it?" Blake asked.

"That can't be it. There must be more to it." Weiss said.

"Well, it isn't a straight shot to our ally's base. Well, it is, but I'm saying this for a different reason. There are a couple of obstacles we put up to prevent unwanted guests from getting to our ally."

"What kind of obstacles?" Ruby asked.

"Simple ones. They're really more for dissuading some creatures from getting closer and giving our ally enough time to escape."

"How long will it take to get to your ally?" Blake asked.

"Before Madeline can answer, another voice speaks up. If only a few things slow us down, then roughly a day or maybe a little less. Your characters turn to see a relatively tall figure clad in dark green robes. But unlike everyone else in this town, he did not have any metal of any kind on his person. However, what caught your characters' notice immediately is how his skin and eyes glow white and his green hair." I said.

"Is this Flynt's character?" Yang asked, curious.

"Yup. I'll be helping you guys out. So in case things go south, I can help bail you out." Flynt answered before clearing his throat. "Are these the new recruits, Madeline?"

"Yes, Reavrem. They are. I just finished telling them what their trial is." I answered.

"Who are you?" Weiss asked.

"And why is your skin glowing?" Ruby asked, curious.

"Is there something I could roll to see if my character would slap Ruby's character for saying that?" Yang asked.

"Roll a D20. Don't add anything to it. 1-10, you slap her. 11-20, you don't." I answered.

"An eleven. You're lucky, Rubes." Yang said. "But my character says that was uncalled for."

"It's alright. Many have that reaction when they first see me. But to answer your question, I'm an Aasimar. My kind are descendants of celestial and other good-aligned creatures. All Aasimar have distinguishable features that relate to their parents. For example, my skin and eyes glowing white." Flynt answered.

"What about your hair?" Blake asked.

"Oh, that's not because of my celestial bloodline. My mother was a druid, and she raised me deep in the forests. Eventually, over time, the magic residing in the forest changed my hair to this color. Although, even after all these years, I'm still not sure why."

"Are you a druid?" Weiss asked.

"Yes. I'm a Circle of the Moon Druid."

"What can you do?" Yang asked.

"A brontosaurus." Flynt whispered.

"Reavrem smirks as a bright glow encompasses his body, temporarily blindly everyone. But once it died down, you all see that standing in Reavrem's place is a brontosaurus." I said while sliding my scroll to show them the animal Flynt's character transformed into.

"Wait. He transformed into that?" Yang asked, shocked.

"Yup. Druids have a fun ability called Wild Shape. It lets them transform into any beast they want." Flynt answered.

"Okay. In the future, I want to become a druid." Yang said, causing the others and me to chuckle.

"Sure. Anyway. Is there anything else you need before we continue?" I asked.

"Yes. I feel like we're underprepared for this trial. Can we get some items or equipment to help us?" Weiss asked.

"Madeline becomes apologetic before saying that there are items that might be useful, but she cannot give them to you."

"Can we persuade her to give them to us?" Yang asked.

"Yes. Roll persuasion against her insight." I answered.

"Wait." Weiss interjected.

"What is it, Weiss?"

"I have bardic inspiration. Can I give it to whoever is going to try and persuade her?"

"You can give inspiration to other party members but not yourself." Ciel answered.

"Do I have to roll something to give it to someone?"

"No. You just give it to someone. But if you want, you can act out how you gave it to that person. You can sing or give them encouraging words. But remember, the inspiration lasts only ten minutes, and each creature can only have one at a time."

"So how do you inspire, and who do you inspire?" I asked.

"Who's proficient in persuasion?" Weiss asked.

"Not me." Ruby answered.

"I am, but I have a minus one to it." Yang answered.

"Same for me, and I don't have expertise on it." Blake said.

"Alright. I guess I'll give it to Yang by playing her song on my flute." Weiss said.

"Okay, Yang. When you roll for persuasion, don't forget to add a D8 to whatever you roll." I said as I rolled for Madeline, which she got a ten in total.

"Twenty-two." Yang said.

"Okay. You successfully convinced Madeline to give you some more equipment." I said. "I guess I can give you some of the items we have that are of lesser importance. Give me a moment. Madeline heads to the other side of the warehouse and returns a few moments later with a box. Inside it is various trinkets, ammo, bags, and vials. Here you go. Take what you feel like you might need."

"What do they get?" May asked as she grabbed a pencil.

"Everyone gets four healing potions, two greater healing potions, extra daggers, and arrows. There're also some caltrops, a healer's kit, some oil flasks, and some holy water in a flask."

"Thanks. This will help us, my character says." Weiss said.

"You're very welcome. Madeline then turns around to leave." I said.

"Well, are you all ready?" Flynt asked.

"I would say so." Yang answered.

"Can we visit any of the shops before we go?" Ruby asked.

"Yes, but unfortunately, only one shop is open to new recruits. Luckily, it's still open. Do you want me to take you to it?" Flynt asked.

"Yes, please." Ruby answered.

"Okay. You follow Reavrem out of the warehouse and to the northern part of the city. It takes you five some time, but you eventually reach the only shop that's open to recruits. The shopowner turns to you, smiles, and asks what she can do for you today. However, before

you could say anything, you all pale at how expensive some of the items are." I said.

"How expensive?" Blake asked.

"Most of the items you can see without needing to make a perception check cost about fifty to a hundred gold pieces. And those are the least expensive you could see."

"Can I roll a perception check?" Blake asked.

"Yes."

"Twenty in total."

"Alright. You see a couple of items that are within your price range. However, most of them you have never seen or heard of before, while a few other items none of you would ever need."

"My character clears her throat before greeting the lady. Hello." Weiss said.

"Hello, honey. What can Granny Strega do for you?"

"They're looking for some supplies for their trial." Flynt answered.

"I can help with that. However, most items are far beyond what anyone of you can afford. But hold on; I'll grab some that you might be able to afford. The shopowner goes into the back and returns, carrying various items. She places them on the counter to reveal several bags of ammunition, daggers, bows, darts, and the three types of light armor. The shopowner then reaches underneath the counter and pulls out a cloak, a dagger, bracers, a ring, and a vial containing a strange white liquid. Here is everything I have that you might be able to afford."

"Huh. Not much here that we could use or even would use." Yang said.

"Yeah, sorry, dears. But it is quite expensive. Don't worry; after the trials and by taking a few missions, you'll all be able to afford most items easily."

"Hopefully." Weiss said. "Can I persuade her to lower the prices?"

"You can most certainly try." I answered while silently chuckling when Arslan's, May's, Ciel's, and Flynt's eyes widened in shock and fear.

"Uh. Are you four okay?" Yang asked, confused.

"Yeah. Uh. Quick question." Arslan said.

"Do you guys know what red flags are?" Flynt asked.

"As in actual red flags or the metaphorical ones?" Weiss asked.

"The second one."

"Yeah. What about them?" Yang asked.

"Jaune just said something that every D&D player comes to fear. You must certainly can try. And it has a secret meaning." May answered as I did my best not to laugh.

"What does it mean?" Ruby asked, curious.

"There are four ways you can interpret it. The first is that this wasn't planned, which means the DM wasn't expecting this. The second is you won't succeed, which is self-explanatory. The third is that this is a bad idea, which, again, is self-explanatory. The last one is the best one you could hope, and that is your character will look idiotic if they continue." Ciel explained.

"Is that true, Jaune?" Weiss asked. But I couldn't answer as I was silently laughing behind my DM screen.

"Yeah. It's true and only slightly varies with each DM." I answered, trying to catch my breath.

"Out of character. But what would have happened if I tried to persuade her?" Weiss asked.

"Strega would have laughed at you. There's no way you could have passed the roll. Her insight is way too high."

"Okay. So, can you explain what are the items she pulled from under the counter?" Yang asked.

"Do you ask that in character or out of character?" I asked.

"In character."

"These are wonderous items. This robe is called the Cloak of Protection. It gives you some extra protection. The same with these Bracers of Defense and this Ring of Protection. And this dagger makes it easier for you to strike your enemies and make sure they feel pain."

"Can you describe the items, Jaune?" Ruby asked.

"The Cloak of Protection looks like an ordinary cloak that's blue on the bottom and light blue for the headpiece. It has a buckle that you use to keep it in place that looks like a shield. The Bracers of defense are metal golden bracers. Uh. Hold on, let me pull up a picture of it." I said before sliding my scroll to them. "That's what they look like."

"What about the other two items?" Weiss asked.

"The Ring of Protection is a ring with an ornate shield on top of it that has several gems on it. And the dagger is the Dragontooth Dagger. As per the name suggests, the blade is a dragon tooth with a leather handle wrapped around the root of the tooth."

"And the vile that contains the white liquid?" Blake asked. "My character says this, by the way."

"This is Sovereign Glue. One of the toughest and most adhesive glues out there. Once it bonds to something, nothing will ever be able to separate them again."

"That... sounds dangerous." Weiss said.

"It is in the hands of kids and the irresponsible. But you're all grown adults."

"Honestly, the only things here that might come in handy aside from these wonderous items are the ammunition for Ruby's character. Everything else we don't need." Weiss said.

"But those items have to be expensive, and I doubt we have enough." Yang said.

"How much do these wonderous items cost?" Ruby asked.

"I'll tell you what. If you promise to do me a favor, I'll cut you a deal. I know where you are all headed. You see, not only am I a shopowner, I am one of the chefs for a nearby tavern. We recently ran out of Saffron, which is a rare spice. And the only way to make it is by using the Crocus plants. They grow all over the forest, especially near our ally's base. Promise to bring me back fifteen of them, and I'll let you get all four items or the glue for free."

"Can I roll to see if I know anything about these flowers?" Weiss asked.

"Yes, but there's no reason to do it now."

"Okay. We accept your deal for the four items."

"Excellent. Here you go, ladies. Strega gives you the items to decide who gets what. She then turns to Flynt's character. Is there anything you want?"

"No. I have everything I need." Flynt answered.

"Excellent. Now off with you. Strega then goes back to tidying up the shop."

"Jaune?" Blake said.

"Yes. Can I roll... Slight of Hand to take the vial as we leave?"

"Uh, sure. Go ahead."

"Seven."

"And she rolled terribly. Even though you try to be sneaky, you knock over a few things in your attempt to swipe the vile. But Strega is so focused on cleaning her shop that she failed to notice you doing so."

"Are you ready to begin?" Flynt asked.

"In a minute. We just need to figure out who gets what." Yang answered.

"What do they do again, Jaune?" Weiss asked.

"And do we have to do something to use them?" Yang asked.

"They all require attunement except the dagger. In D&D, to attune to a magic item, your character must take a short rest, which is an hour, and focus on the item while being in physical contact with it. Without attunement, you don't gain any of the magical benefits, and they act like regular items. Also, for the bracers, the wearer cannot wear armor or wield a shield."

"So that obviously goes to Yang's character." Weiss said.

"Alright. I'll take them." Yang said.

"Increase your AC by two, Yang. Now, what about the others? The cloak and ring do the same thing." I said.

"I'll take the clock. Too bad it's blue and not red like my cape." Ruby said.

"Actually, for this one shot only, we can make it red since its color doesn't mean anything."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Thanks, Jaune."

"I guess I'll take the ring since I could use a boost to my armor class, which leaves Blake with the dagger." Weiss said.

"That's fine. More damage can't hurt." Blake said.

"Now. Do you want to wait an hour for you to gain the benefits of the items, or do you want to leave now?" Flynt asked.

"I think we should wait an hour." Ruby answered, with the others agreeing.

"Okay. After sitting around for an hour, you all gain attunement with your items. Afterward, you all follow Reavrem, Flynt's character, to the gate where the supplies are waiting. You notice all sorts of strange items on the small wagon. Some of them, you can't make heads or tails."

"Do we have to pull the wagon all the way there?" Yang asked.

"No. Thanks to some Artificers, we don't need to pull it. As long as we're near it, it moves forward on its own." Flynt answered.

"That's good."

"So where's the base again, and how do we get to it?" Weiss asked.

"It's a straight shot north to our destination. There're no twists and turns. But we do have to go over a bridge and underground for a bit." Flynt answered.

"Okay. Let's get going." Ruby said.

"Reavrem walks to the wagon and flips something that none of your characters can see. You then follow him to the gates, where more Fire Giant Dreadnoughts are standing guard. They open the gates, usher you outside, and close them right after." I said before taking out a sheet of grid paper.

"What's that for, Jaune?" Ruby asked.

"Typically, I use a campaign map to help give May, Arslan, Ciel, and Flynt a visualization of the terrain their characters are traversing. But I don't have a forest map, so we need to improvise." I said as I made the map for them before passing it to them. "In the center is the road you're using, and everything on either side is relatively dense forest."

"Do we put our characters on the map?" Blake asked.

"Put yourselves in the center of the road. And before I forget, each square is five feet."

"Five feet? Is that for our movement speed?" Weiss asked.

"Yes." I answered before rolling a D12, which landed on two. "Okay. For the next two hours, you travel down the road with nothing remarkable happening. Do you do anything during that time, or do you keep quiet?"

"My character makes a map from the items she got from the thieve's guild member." Blake said.

"Okay."

"I want to look for the plants Strega told us to get." Weiss said.

"Roll nature. And because of the book you read, with advantage."

"Fourteen."

"You find two flowers. But you still need thirteen more." I answered before turning to Ruby and Yang. "What about you two?"

"I say we talk to each other about our adventures." Yang answered.

"Yup." Ruby added.

"How about you, Flynt? Does your character do anything?" I asked.

"Nope. He's admiring nature." Flynt answered.

"Alright." I said before taking out the percentile dice and rolling them. They landed on a fifty-three. "After a couple more minutes of walking, you come across a raised drawbridge. The water underneath it is crystal clear, but from how fast it's going, you know that it would mean death if anyone fell in. Walking over to the control switch, you realize the top part of the lever is missing."

"Great." Blake said.

"Looks like we'll need to find another way to get ourselves and the supplies across safely." Flynt said. "And swimming is not an option."

"Can we force it down?" Yang asked.

"Yes. But that would still leave the other end up." I answered.

"If we find the missing part, could we use this lever?" Blake asked.

"Yes. But we need something to adhere the two pieces together."

"We can use the glue from the shop. As my character says this, she holds up the vial." Blake said.

"Wait. You took that from Strega?" Flynt asked.

"Yes. I figured we might need it."

"Well, Strega's not going to be happy about this."

"Wait. Is there a lever on the other side?" Ruby asked.

"Yes. You see the lever across the river."

"What are you thinking, sis?" Yang asked, curious.

"What if I fired with my musket at the lever?"

"That... hold on." I said, looking through my notes. "Yes. That will work. But you don't know which direction the lever needs to go. For all you know, you could just end up wasting a bullet and breaking the lever."

"I'll take my chances."

"Alright. Give me an attack roll."

"Uh. Can you help me?" Ruby asked Arslan.

"Of course. When you attack, you add either your strength or dexterity modifier plus your proficiency modifier if you're proficient with the weapon you're using. Which weapon are you going to use?" Arslan asked.

"My musket."

"Alright. So you're making a ranged weapon attack, so add your dexterity modifier and proficiency bonus to the attack roll."

"That's a fourteen, so twenty-one."

"You hit the lever and, to your luck, it goes down, which, in turn, lowers the draw bridge. Now roll damage for something else." I said.

"Roll a D12 and add your Dexterity modifier to the damage." Arslan said.

"Five." Ruby said.

"Okay. Now let me roll." I said before rolling the percentile dice.

"What was the roll for?" Ciel asked.

"To see if Ruby's shot broke the lever or not."

"Did it?" May asked.

"Nope. The lever stays intact, but it does chip a little." I answered. "Now that the lever is down, the bridge creaks to life as both parts connect. Once they do, you all cross safely to the other side and resume your journey. Now give me a perception check. Blake, with advantage."

"Okay. It looks like I don't need advantage." Blake said, smiling.

"What did you get?" May asked.

"A Nat 20."

"Nice."

"Do we still need to roll?" Yang asked.

"Yes." I answered.

"Nine." Ruby said.

"Fourteen." Yang said.

"Fifteen." Weiss said.

"Okay. Ruby. Weiss. Yang. You don't hear or see anything. Blake. You do. You hear the sounds of wings flapping in the air, occasional

snorting, and what sounds like biting on a metal coin. For a brief moment, you see red scales, horns, and fangs flying past your peripheral vision."

"Guys. I think someone is following us." Blake said.

"Who? Someone looking for a fight? My character cracks her knuckles as she says this." Yang said.

"Were you able to find out where they are or catch a glimpse of them?" Flynt asked.

"Yes. I heard some snorting, wings flapping, and something that sounded like a creature biting a coin. I also saw something with teeth, wings, and red scales." Blake answered.

"Okay. I know what's circling us." Flynt said with a smirk.

"What is it?" Ruby asked.

"A dragon."

"A Dragon? Do you know what kind?" Weiss asked. "My character takes out her rapier as she says this."

"And mine raises her musket and looks around." Ruby added.

"You've probably never heard of this dragon before. It's an unkillable dragon that stands atop a hoard of gold. And it breathes powerful fire." Flynt said.

"Okay. Now I'm nervous for our characters. I don't think they're ready for a fight with a dragon." Yang said.

"As soon as Reavrem finishes answering your question, a tiny dragon flies out of the forest and lands on top of the wagon." I said before showing them an image on my scroll.

"Wait. That's the dragon that breathes powerful fire?" Weiss asked, shocked.

"It looks more adorable than anything." Ruby said.

"That's because it's a Lighter Dragon. Adventurers use them to light torches and campfires. And their hoard usually consists of exactly one gold piece." Flynt explained.

"So that was the biting I heard earlier." Blake said.

"Yup." I answered.

"Do we see the coin, Jaune?" Yang asked.

"Roll me a perception check."

"Ten."

"You see the remains of the gold coin in the Light Dragon's teeth."

"Can we keep it?" Ruby asked.

"You can. But you have to find a way to get it to stay with you guys."

"What about animal handling?" Blake asked.

"Animal handling won't work on Lighter Dragons. Other animals, yes." I answered.

"Then what do we do?" Ruby asked.

"If you want to get a Lighter Dragon to follow you for a while, you need to give it a gold coin." Flynt answered. "And my character gives the Light Dragon the coin."

"The Lighter Dragon sniffs the coin for a bit before taking it into its mouth, flying over to Ruby, and landing on her shoulder."

"Aw. I think I will name him Zwei." Ruby said.

"Now, you continue, or do you want to look around a bit more?" I asked.

"I say we continue." Nodding, I rolled the d12, and it landed on a one.

"You continue traveling for an hour before reaching the bottom of a cliff. There's no way around it on foot, and you can't dig your way through as you don't have anything that can break through the stone. But you do see a large stone door in front of you."

"My character examines the door." Yang said.

"Your character discovers strange symbols on the frame of the door. She also sees some runes and gems on the door."

"I take it we need to get through, my character says to Reavrem." Blake said.

"Yes. But first, you must find a way to open the door." Flynt answered.

"The runes and gems have to be there for a reason. Maybe they're the way to get the doors to open." Ruby said.

"Possibly. Wait. Can I cast the spell Detect Magic on the door?" Weiss asked.

"Yes. But describe how your character does it." I answered.

"Uh. Oh. I got it. She hums for a few seconds while clasping her hands over her chest."

"As your character sings, she learns there is heavy but powerful magic surrounding the door. You can't tell who or what made it or what type it is. All you can tell is that the magic protects the door but is not related to how to open it." I answered. "Also. Put a one next to

your spell slot to show you used up one of your slots for that spell level."

"Okay. And I tell the others what I found by doing that."

"So the gems and runes are out. But what about the symbols?" Blake asked.

"Maybe the symbols are not symbols. Maybe it's the writing for another language?" Ruby asked.

"You are correct. The symbols are the lettering for the Druidic language." Flynt said.

"Can you tell us what they mean?" Weiss asked.

"Yes. The key to opening the door is to solve the riddle, and the letters tell you what it is. The riddle goes like this. To enter these walls of treasure and fame, all you must do is say your name."

"That's it?" Blake asked, surprised.

"Yeah. A simple puzzle, but without the correct spell or a druid helping, it's almost impossible to get the doors to open."

"And you'd be surprised how often people overcomplicate puzzles." I added.

"How?" Ruby asked, confused.

"It's in the wording. Take a riddle like this, for example. It could be asking for us to say "Your Name," or it could actually want us to say our names." Blake explained.

"Oh, I get it now." Ruby said.

"So what do you do?" I asked.

"We say our character's name." Yang answered. "Wait. We never gave our characters names."

"Wow. I can't believe we forgot about that." I said, surprised. "But for now, since we're deep into the session, let's just say you gave your characters your names."

"Okay. Our characters say their names." Weiss said.

"A strange light begins to glow inside the gems and runes. Dimly at first but increases in brightness to near blinding levels. It lasts for a second, and once it dies down, your characters see that the doors are now open."

"That was easy." Yang said.

"Now, as you proceed, the doors close as soon as everyone passes them. But once they do, darkness envelops everyone, making it impossible to see anything. Blake, you can see where the others are thanks to Darkvision and can make out some details but can't discern any colors."

"What now?" Blake asked.

"That's up to your four. It's your trial, not mine. I'm only here to help if things get out of hand." Flynt answered.

"I have a torch. But we need to light it." Ruby said.

"Almost immediately, the Light Dragon lights up the torch before returning to its gold coin." I said.

"Good boy, Zwei." Ruby said.

"Now that you can see, you four realize you're in a stone tunnel with stone steps that lead downward. And as you descend, the wagon effortlessly keeps pace. After what feels like a thousand steps, you finally reach the next room. From what you can see, due to the

limited visibility, the room is empty, with only a mirror on the other side. What do you do now?"

"I think we should see the rest of the room before checking the mirror." Blake answered.

"Alright. The party goes around the entire with the torch and discovers some skeletons wearing various types of armor and wielding several kinds of weapons. You also notice a massive slab of rock above the door that used to enter the room. From what you could tell, it's supposed to cover the door, but you're not sure how or why."

"Can we check the skeletons to see if we can find out what killed them or how they died?" Ruby asked.

"No. You wouldn't be able to figure it out. The skeletons have been here too long to discern anything from their remains."

"So that leaves the mirror." Yang said.

"I take it the mirror is another riddle or puzzle?" Blake asked.

"Yes. The mirror is the doorway that would allow us to continue forward." Flynt answered.

"Can we examine the mirror before we hear the riddle?" Ruby asked.

"Sure. Your characters go up to it and see that mirror is about seven feet in height, four feet in width, and has a golden frame. But aside from that and its location, it seems like any ordinary mirror." I said.

"Nothing from the mirror." Yang said before turning to Flynt. "So, what's the riddle?"

"Only the selfless and blind to vanity may enter. But that is the intended way to pass. There are a few other things you can do to pass as well." Flynt answered.

"I want to say we just let me punch it and get it over with, but I feel like that would backfire horribly." Yang said.

"Reavrem said that the selfless and blind to vanity may enter. Maybe we could cover the mirror with something?" Blake suggested.

"Maybe. But do we even have something that can do that?" Ruby asked.

"We have some packs that our character's classes gave us when we created them. There might be something useful in them." Weiss said.

"What packs do you have?" I asked. "So I can give you a list of what's inside them."

"I have a dungeoneer's pack." Ruby answered.

"That's what I also have." Blake said.

"I have an explorer's pack." Yang said.

"And I have an entertainer's pack." Weiss said.

"Okay. Here you go." I said as I slid them the paper.

"What's a piton?" Ruby asked.

"A piton is a steel spike with an eye through which you can loop a rope." Arslan answered.

"Wait. I think I got it." Yang said.

"What do you have in mind, Yang?" Weiss asked.

"We have some bedrolls, rope, pitons, and hammers. We can hammer the pitons into the wall and use the ropes to keep the bedrolls together and in front of the mirror."

"That will work." I said, surprised as I wasn't expecting that solution.

"Our characters do that." Ruby said.

"Once your characters finish doing that, the entire wall suddenly disappears. And because it's gone, the bedrolls, rope, and pitons fall to the floor. However, before you can pick the item up, you all hear a deep rumbling sound. Looking toward where it came from, you see a green, floating creature with one big eye and four tendrils with eyes on the end. This is your first fight. Roll initiative."

"YES!" Yang shouted. "Finally. Some action. My character says that as she readies for a fight."

"How do we roll initiative?" Weiss asked.

"Roll a D20 and add your Dexterity modifier." Ciel answered before adding. "And add half your proficiency roll to this, Weiss."

"And Blake. You have the Alert feet. So add a five to the roll." May added.

"Eight." Ruby said.

"Thirteen." Yang said.

"Seventeen." Blake said.

"Eighteen." Weiss said.

"And the Spectator, which is the name of the creature you're fighting, rolled a seventeen. Blake. Roll again." I said.

"Why?" Blake asked.

"To break the tie, you roll initiative again." May answered.

"Eighteen."

"Okay. So, the turn order is Weiss, Blake, Spectator, Yang, Ruby." I said, writing the list down before handing them a new map. "Put your

characters near the bottom. The red X is the Spectator."

"Okay. Now what?" Ruby asked as they finished putting where their characters were.

"It's Weiss's turn." I answered. "What do you want to do? Keep in mind that you have to be within a certain range for certain attacks."

"How many feet is each square?"

"Five feet. And you have thirty feet to move."

"So the creature is twenty feet away. If I move, I can still do something else, right?"

"Yes. But if you do the dash action, which doubles your movement speed, that is your action for the turn. But you can still do other things if your class allows you." Ciel answered.

"Alright. I'll take the attack action. First, I move up to the creature and attack it with my rapier."

"Okay. Roll to hit." I said.

"Twenty-one."

"That hits. Don't forget to add a +2 to damage because fighting style. Do you use any of Blade Flourish options?"

"Yes. The Defensive Flourish."

"Okay. So 1D8 plus your Dexterity Modifier with the rapier, +2 because your dueling fighting style, and a D8 because of the Defensive flourish."

"Eighteen damage."

"What did you roll for your bardic inspiration?"

"A six."

"Okay. Until your next turn, you have a +6 to your AC." I said. "Okay. Blake. Your turn."

"I'm going to use my insightful fighting ability on this creature." Blake said.

"Roll insight against its deception."

"Thirteen."

"You pass. You can now use your sneak attack feature if your attack hits."

"Alright. I run up to the creature and attack it with the Dragontooth Dagger."

"Roll to hit, and don't forget to add a +1 to attack rolls because of the dagger."

"Nineteen."

"That hits. Roll for damage, add 3D6 because of sneak attack, +1 because of the dagger, and 1d6 for the acid damage."

"Twenty-two damage."

"And that kills the Spectator. It falls to the ground and becomes a bloody mess of organs." I said.

"Wow. That wasn't so hard." Weiss said, surprised.

"But at least you got a turn." Yang grumbled.

"Are you sure about that?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" Ruby asked.

"As you all group up next to the Spectator, you hear a low mumbling coming from the ground as the room shakes. Turning to the remains of the Spectator, you all become confused when the organs, blood, and tissues start moving on their own. But before any of you can do anything, it suddenly transforms into a new monster. It stands ten feet tall, has no skin, eyes and teeth all over its body, and a few tendrils with eyes on the end. Roll initiative again."

"Fourteen." Blake said.

"Thirteen." Weiss said.

"Fourteen." Yang said.

"Sixteen." Ruby said.

"Blake. Yang. Roll again." I said.

"I got a ten." Blake said.

"Sweet. I got a thirteen." Yang said.

"You won't be saying that in a moment. It got a seventeen. It goes first." I said.

"What's it going to do?" Weiss nervously asked.

"It's going to bite..." I began before rolling a D4, which landed on a two. "Wiess."

"What did it roll?"

"A seventeen."

"Oh. Good. It missed."

"What's your AC?"

"Twenty because of the Flourish. And I got a six on the die."

"Uh. That only lasts until your next turn or roughly a few seconds. Meaning your AC is back down to fourteen." Ciel said.

"Oh. Then it hits me."

"This is going to hurt. You take twenty-one damage. Subtract that from your Hp and place the number underneath the line where your max Hp is. Then I need you to make a Strength saving throw."

"Okay." Weiss said before rolling. "I got a ten."

"You passed. If you failed, you would have been knocked prone. And now, for the monster's following action, since it has multi-attack, it will use its Blinding Spittle ability and shoot it toward Blake's character. And because Weiss's character is within five feet of Blake's character, you both need to make a Dexterity saving throw."

"Twelve." Weiss said while Blake gulped.

"What did you get, Blake?" I asked.

"Uh. This isn't good. She got a Nat 1." May said.

"Okay. You both fail. Wiess, your character is now blinded, meaning you have disadvantage on all attacks, and anything that attacks you has advantage. You also fail any check that relies on sight."

"This is going to be painful." Weiss said.

"Blake."

"Yes?" She said, gulping.

"Because of that Nat 1, you're now blinded, have disadvantage on all strength-based checks, and because of the force behind the spit, your character moves back five feet and falls prone." I said.

"Okay. This is bad."

"Now it's Weiss's turn. But before you go, roll a strength and wisdom save."

"Oh. A twelve for the Strength saving throw and a Nat 20 for the Wisdom saving throw."

"I think this is the part where they will start either hating or loving their dice." Arslan whispered.

"You pass the Strength saving throw."

"What was that for?" Weiss asked.

"The creature has a feature called Aberrant Ground. Any creature that starts its turn within ten feet of the monster must make a DC10 strength saving throw; otherwise, its movement speed becomes zero."

"Okay. So I can still move. What about the Wisdom saving throw?"

"It has another feature called Gibbering. Basically, if you fail the roll, your character becomes confused or disoriented, and a random effect will occur. It can be either doing nothing, moving in a random direction, or attacking a nearby creature. But because of your Nat 20, you are now immune to this ability for two of your next turns."

"Wow. Thank Oum, I got lucky on those rolls. Hmm. I'll attack with my rapier again and use the mobile flourish."

"Alright. Roll to hit with disadvantage."

"Twenty-two and nineteen."

"That hits. Roll damage."

"Sixteen damage. And the monster is pushed back thirteen feet."

"Do you move to be within five feet of it?"

"No."

"Okay. Because of that, the monster can no longer attack any of you since it's out of range." I said. "Yang's turn."

"Finally. First, as my bonus action, I will activate Rage."

"Okay."

"Wait. Since Rage is essentially this game's version of my semblance, can we have it that my character's hair lights up while her eyes turn red?"

"Since you're a variant human, give me a good background reason, and I'll allow it this time." I said.

"While a wizard was helping me track someone down, I accidentally knocked over some chemicals he was working on. I tried to catch them before they could land on the floor, but they landed on top of me. He thought it was going to kill me, but it made my hair light up, and my eyes turn red every time I rage."

"Alright. That's now part of your character's traits. Now you're in Rage. What do you do for your main action?"

"I run up to the creature, jump, and hit it with my fists."

"Okay. You're in range, so you can do that. Do you use reckless attack? It gives you advantage this turn but makes it, so other creatures have advantage attacking you."

"Yes."

"Alright. Roll to hit. Remember, you're a level-five barbarian. So you have extra attack, meaning you can attack twice."

"Okay. A one and a nineteen."

"Okay. That hits. Now for the second attack, and then we'll do damage."

"Two and... YES! NAT 20!"

"First combat Nat 20. Let me get the crit table." I said.

"Crit table?" Ruby asked.

"Every group has its own way of what to do when a player lands a critical hit. Jaune has a crit table. He rolls a D100, and whatever it lands on, he applies it." Arslan answered.

"What did you roll?" May asked.

"A sixty-one. That means max damage, and the creature that got hit has disadvantage on attack rolls for its next turn."

"So that cancels out the advantage it would have gotten because of Reckless Attack." Flynt said.

"Now for damage. Roll for the regular damage, Yang. That's 1d8 plus your Strength Modifier plus two."

"Ten damage."

"And for your crit hit, that's fourteen damage. So that's twenty-four in total." I said. "Ruby's turn."

"Alright. I take out my musket and aim at the creature." Ruby said.

"Roll to hit and add a +2 due to your fighting style."

"Twenty-two."

"Hits. 1D10 plus your dexterity modifier."

"Twelve."

"Don't forget you have extra attack." Arslan said.

"Nine. That matches, the defender wins. So your attack misses."

"Aw."

"You have Action Surge. If you want, you can use it to take another turn, but you can only attack." Arslan said.

"Oh, right" Ruby said before rolling. "Sixteen."

"Roll damage." I said.

"Seven."

"Okay. The creature is barely standing and looks like it's about to collapse. You have one last attack, Ruby."

"Twenty-six." Ruby said before rolling the dice again. "Fourteen damage."

"Your character takes a breath, fires her shot, and hits the monster dead in the eye. The force behind it was so strong that it knocked over the monster."

"Whew. Glad that is over." Weiss said.

"Oh. Before we continue." I said, turning to Yang. "Give me a Constitution saving roll."

"Why?" Yang asked, curious.

"You chose the Berserker Barbarian. And Berserker Barbarians have a major flaw. After they exit their rage state, they gain a point of exhaustion."

"So, they become tired?" Weiss asked, confused.

"Yes and no. Exhaustion is one of the deadliest mechanics in D&D." Ciel answered.

"How so?" Blake asked.

"There are six levels of exhaustion. And each one is worse than the last, and you keep the previous effects when you gain another point. If you reach six points of exhaustion, your character dies. It is extremely hard to get rid of in almost scenario. And most ways that remove exhaustion only remove one point." May answered.

"So the constitution roll is to see if my character gains a point?"' Yang asked.

"Yes. But that's a house rule I made to make the Berserker class more viable. If you fail the roll, you get a point. If you pass, nothing happens." I answered.

"Okay. Here goes." Yang said before rolling her d20. "Fourteen."

"You pass. Your character doesn't gain a point of exhaustion."

"That's good."

"Alright. Now let's continue." I said.

"My character looks at the dead creature and asks what that thing was." Blake said.

"It was called a Gibbering Mouther. We put a few creatures here to protect the place." Flynt said. "As my character says this, he walks up to them."

"Nice of you to show up. Couldn't you have helped us? My character glares at him as she says this." Blake said.

"Only if things had gone south. But I knew you fourth could handle it. And besides, like I said, it's your trial, not mine. Now come on. Let's keep going." Flynt said.

"As you all follow Reavrem to the other side of the room, you hear a low whistling sound. Turning around, you see that the Gibbering Mouther's remains had suddenly vanished. But before you could try to see what took it, the torches suddenly started going out. Not wanting to risk anything, you all rush to meet up with Reavrem in the next room. And once you enter, you notice that he had already brought the wagon there and was standing in front of another statue."

"Is this another riddle?" Weiss asked.

"Yes. But the piece holding what the riddle was is broken." Flynt said.

"As he says this, you four look toward where he's pointing and notice a slab in pieces at the feet of a statue. The statue itself is that of a strange standing man wearing garments that monks typically wore. There's a necklace around his neck and a hat on his head. It stands about fifteen feet tall. But as you take a closer look, you four notice the statue's hands are open and pointing toward each other as if holding something." I said.

"I take it that the thing the riddle was on belonged up there." Yang said.

"Yup." Flynt said.

"Well, we know what we have to do." Weiss said.

"Glue the pieces back together. And I have the glue. My character holds up the vial as she says this." Blake said.

"But the question is, how do we get it up there." Ruby said.

"We have rope and some tools. We could make a makeshift grappling hook." Yang suggested.

"One of you give me a perception check on the statue." I said.

"I will." Ruby said. "Ten."

"You're not too sure if the arms can handle any additional weight beyond the riddle piece."

"Can the Lighter Dragon bring the piece up there?" Wiess asked.

"No. It would be too big for him."

"Can we get Flynt's character to change into a bird or something and fly it up there?" Yang asked.

"Yes. You can. But it's up to him." I answered.

"My character agrees and turns into Giant Vulture." Flynt said.

"Okay. Now we need to put the puzzle together." Weis said.

"Remember. You have only one shot at this since the glue can only be dissolved by something you don't have." I reminded them as I slid the paper containing the words of the riddle to them. "No pressure."

"Is the writing in the Druid's language?" Blake asked.

"No. It is in common, and you all can speak and write common." I answered.

"All right. The words are this. Names. Weapon with a comma. The key. Your. But only. By sight. Uttered. Vow with a comma. When. As. A. And a gesture polite." Weiss said.

"These are the most random words I have ever seen." Yang said.

"Yeah." Ruby said. "My character turns to the Lighter Dragon and asks what it thinks."

"The Lighter Dragon just lets out a small roar before using its back leg to scratch its head." I answered.

"I think I can make out part of the riddle." Weiss said.

"What is it?" Blake asked.

"There are two sentences. I think the second sentence goes like this. When uttered as vow, a gesture polite."

"Yeah, I'm totally at a loss about this one, and that makes much more sense than anything I thought." Yang said.

"It's talking about polite gestures. What are some polite gestures?" Blake asked.

"Well, it depends on what area you are talking about since it varies. Some gestures that come to mind are holding the doors open for others, writing thank-you notes, bowing..." Weiss began, but Ruby cut her off.

"Wait. I think I know what the answer to the riddle is." She said.

"Really?" Blake asked, surprised.

"But we haven't figured out what the whole riddle is." Weiss said.

"I know. But we have bows. And what is a polite gesture? Bowing. So when we change how the word bow sounds, we get a polite gesture." Ruby said, causing everyone's eyes to widen.

"Wow, sis. I wasn't expecting that." Yang said.

"That could possibly be it. And the first sentence describes our bows in some way." Weiss said.

"In that case." Blake said, grabbing the paper. "I think the first sentence goes like this. The key names your weapon, but only by sight."

"Is that it, Jaune?" Yang asked.

"It is. Nice job. I wasn't expecting you all to get it so fast." I answered.

"Yes. So let's glue it together, and Flynt's character can get it up there." Ruby said.

"Okay. Your characters carefully glue the pieces together, with Reavrem flying up to place it between the statue's hands. The eyes and letters suddenly glow light green, signifying that the puzzle is waiting to be solved. Your characters then bow to the statue to answer the riddle. Its head suddenly nods, and before anyone of your characters can blink, the statue and wall vanish."

"Finally. We can get out of here." Blake said.

"You all proceed and soon come across the stairs that will take you back outside. You take them, and once outside, you discover that it is nighttime."

"Wait. How many hours passed?" Weiss asked.

"About two hours." I answered after rolling the D12.

"Really? It didn't feel like that." Blake said.

"Well, your characters walked for a long time before getting to the first puzzle after the door." I said.

"So what now?" Ruby asked.

"You all take a long rest."

"Don't you mean sleep since it's late?" Blake asked.

"In D&D, sleep is typically associated as a condition that someone inflicted upon you. But to describe resting or sleeping, we use either short or long rest. A short rest is one hour with your characters doing nothing more strenuous than eating, reading, talking, or mending some wounds. A long rest is the same, but it has to be a minimum of eight hours." May answered.

"Does it give us anything?" Yang asked.

"Yes. A long rest allows you to regain all your hp, spell slots, and a few other things. Think of a long rest as a reset button where your start over fresh as if nothing had happened." I answered before adding. "However, it must be a continuous eight hours with only light activity. If something disrupts it, you have to start over."

"Well, since it's late and we can't see much, I say we take a long rest." Weiss said.

"Okay. You all set up camp for the night and get comfy before eventually falling asleep. And now let me roll to see if anything disrupts your sleep." I said before rolling a D100 which landed on a fifteen. "Something does."

"Great. What is it?" Yang said.

"A short humanoid treelike creature, bearing a wooden club and shield, comes stumbling out of the forest. Its body is armored with bark, and its face is blank and expressionless, with two deep black pits where eyes would be. It looks around, confused as if it doesn't know where it is." I answered.

"My character says in surprise that it is a Wood Woad." Flynt said.

"Can we see a picture of it, Jaune?" Yang asked.

"Sure. Here you." I said, sliding my scroll over.

"I'm not sure if the thing looks creepy or adorable." Ruby said.

"What is it doing?" Weiss asked.

"It's looking around, confused. Similar to a lost child looking for her mother."

"Should we attack it?" Yang asked.

"I'll leave it up to you four." I said.

"Well. It's not attacking us. And it seems more confused than anything." Blake said.

"I say we leave it alone. It's not bothering anyone. Maybe it took a wrong turn." Weiss said.

"I think that's the best option." Ruby said.

"Yeah. I think so too." Yang said.

"Same." Blake said.

"The Wood Woad continues to look around for a few moments before crossing the road and entering the forest. After your characters go back to sleep and wake up several hours later." I said.

"What was that for, Jaune?" Ruby asked, curious.

"To show you that not everything has to be a fight. The Wood Woad was an optional enemy. If you attacked it, it would be a fight. But you left it alone, so you avoided what would have been a tough encounter." I explained.

"So what now? Do we continue?" Yang asked.

"Wait. Since it's daytime now, I want to search for more plants for Strega." Weiss said.

"Roll nature with advantage." I said.

"Twenty-one."

"You find ten. You still need three more." I said before rolling another D12 and D100. "Okay. You four continue traveling for another five hours with no interruptions. And after hours of walking, you see what appears to be a fortified bunker and cabin in the distance."

"Is there where your ally is?" Yang asked.

"Yup. That's where he lives." Flynt answered.

"You know, none of you ever told us your ally's name." Blake said.

"That's because no one, not even him, knows his name. We just call him demented wizard on account that he created the Owlbears."

"Owlbears?" Weiss asked.

"Abominations that are a cross between an owl and a bear. But I'm not surprised you never heard of them since they don't live anywhere near here." Flynt said before adding. "And I pray that you never do."

"After a couple more minutes of walking, you all arrive at the cabin, where a short, hunched figure with white hair and a lab coat eagerly waits. Once you reach him, he lets out a cackle while rubbing his hands. Ah. Finally. The last of the supplies have arrived."

"Calm yourself, you deranged nutjob." Flynt said.

"What are you going to do with these things?" Weiss asked.

"Why, create an orb in case the Catastrophic Dragons decide we should be their next meal or playthings." I answered. "The wizard then notices the flowers you've been collecting, Weiss. Ah. Crocus plants. I see you're bringing them to Strega so she could make some Saffon. You're more than welcome to look around for some more."

"Thanks. My character does that, Jaune." Weiss said. "Do I need to roll?"

"No. They're all over the place. You grab the remaining ones and some extra in case something happens."

"Now that he has the supplies, do we need to do anything, or can we go back?" Yang asked.

"Yes. Ha, ha. You can leave now. It was nice seeing new faces. But as you turn around to head back to town, you suddenly feel the

ground begin to rumble. Roll a perception check with disadvantage. Blake. You roll normally."

"Seventeen." Ruby said.

"Ten." Yang said.

"Eighteen." Blake said.

"Ten." Weiss said.

"Ruby. Blake. Despite how violently the ground was shaking, you both could tell it wasn't an earthquake. It's almost as if something was burrowing your way." I said.

"My character asks the wizards what he has done." Flynt said.

"Well. You guys aren't always around. And I need protection. So I decided to improvise. And as soon as he finishes saying this, a Bulette and a Basilisk burst forth from the ground. However, you notice that their skins look far more durable than normal." I said.

"Oh. This isn't going to end well." Weiss said.

"However, before any of you could prepare for combat, two Adult Bronze and two Adult Gold dragons land in front of you. They stare down the two monsters before simultaneously unleashing their breath attacks, killing the Basilisk and Bulette."

"Oh, thank Oum." Yang said.

"With the supplies delivered, you four get on top of the dragons with some help, and they take you back to town where Reavrem tells the masters of the trial and how you four passed. Weiss, you also deliver the plants to Strega. And with that, this one-shot session is over." I said, closing my Dm shield. "Well. What do you guys think?"

"That was really fun." Ruby said.

"It sure was." Yang said.

"Yeah. I wasn't expecting it to be that much fun." Weiss said.

"Hopefully, we can do it again soon." Blake said.

"Of course. But another time since it's pretty late." I said.

"What time is it?" Weiss asked.

"It's currently nine-thirty." Ciel answered.

"WHAT!" Team Rwby shouted, shocked.

"How can it be that late already?" Blake asked.

"You'd be surprised how fast time flies when you're playing D&D." May answered.

"Well. We better get going. Thanks again for the dun time, Jaune." Weiss said.

"Yeah. And thanks for the dice." Ruby said.

"No problem." I said, smiling as Team Rwby left.

"Well, that was fun." Flynt said.

"Yeah." Arslan said.

"Do you think we have enough time for a one-shot of our own?" May asked.

"Yeah. Seeing them play made me want to play some more." Ciel said.

"And I have a character idea I've been wanting to try for a while." Arslan said.

"Alright. But only a short one since it's late." I said, chuckling as I pulled out a few sheets from my bag. But as I did, a thought came to mind. *'If Team Rwby like this so much, I wonder if my team would like D&D.'*

Chapter 4

Rwby: Remnant and Dragons

Chapter 4

"And with that, you four kill the last of the invading nomadic clans and successfully defend Tukayyid." I said as I closed the DM shield with a yawn. "And with that, I think we should go."

"Yeah. I would say it's getting late, but it is one in the morning." Ciel said.

"Hopefully, my teammates are asleep. The last thing I need is Reese using this as an excuse to try and go to some late-night parties." Arslan said, yawning.

"Doesn't she already do that?" May asked.

"Yes, but she doesn't need any other reason to stay up late." Arslan answered. "And besides, I'm supposed to set an example for my teammates."

"True." May shrugged.

"Anyway. Are we still meeting up tomorrow? Or should I say, today?" I asked.

"I can't make it." Ciel said. "I have some reports I need to send to Ironwood. And those would take all day. I'm not looking forward to it."

"My team and I are having team bonding day, and we're going to practice some drills." Arslan said.

"What about you, May?" I asked.

"I can't make it. There are a few things I need to do." May answered.

"Like what?"

"Well, first, I need to head to the blacksmith so he can fix my weapon. Then, I need to head to the stores so I can buy some more dust and ammunition. Then I need to find a gift for my nephew since his birthday is coming up. And later on, I'm expecting a call from my parents."

"Busy day, huh?"

"Yeah. But I prefer busy over tedious."

"Speaking of parents." Flynt said, smirking. "When are you all going to introduce each other to your families?"

"Soon." We answered, blushing.

"But what about you, Flynt? Are you still free?" I asked after coughing to clear my throat.

"Yeah, I'm free. But since it will just be me and you, what do you have in mind?" Flynt asked.

"We can have a session zero for another full campaign I have in mind. Plus, we can test some homebrew ideas that I have to see if I can add them into the game or if I have to rework them."

"Can you give us a sneak peek at what they are?" Arslan asked.

"One is an item that is basically a pseudo-dragon breath attack. After using it, you can exhale a breath attack, depending on the color. But there are some severe consequences should you fail the check."

"That sounds interesting." Ciel said.

"And the other thing?" May asked.

"It's a new mechanic I saw a dusttuber use. He calls it: Soul Link. Essentially, it makes all the enemies in an encounter share a health

pool."

"So, instead of focusing on one enemy, we must bring the global health pool down to zero to win the encounter." Flynt said.

"Pretty much. But there are still some things I need to rough out so I can use it with you guys and how we play it." I said.

"That sounds interesting. I can't wait to try it." May said before yawning. "But anyway. We really need to go now."

Nodding, we all gathered our stuff before exiting the place. Flynt went to where he was staying with Neon, while the rest of us went back to the hotel, where we fell asleep instantly as soon as we hit the bed.

Next Day

Ten AM

"Alright. See you later." Flynt and I said to May, Arslan, and Ciel.

Although, Flynt did chuckle when Arslan, May, and Ciel pulled me into a steamy kiss that left me dazed for a few seconds. He then patted my shoulder as we said our goodbyes. Well, Flynt did, as I was still not fully there. Thankfully, a light smack brought me back to my senses. Nodding my thanks, we went over to the counter and grabbed the bags that Teale put aside for us that contained some times we ordered. Afterward, we went down to the third subfloor to grab some breakfast. We then went down another floor and to our usual table.

"Okay. So, what first?" Flynt asked as he ate a wrap.

"First, we're going to try the Soul Link mechanic." I answered as I set up my stuff.

"What character should I make? Or can I choose anyone?"

"Make two characters. Choose from a Barbarian, Blood Hunter, or an Armorer Artificer."

"A safety net?"

"More or less. If it goes well, you won't take too much damage. But, uh, I doubt that." I answered.

"Alright. What level?"

"One is Level Twenty. And the other is Level Ten."

"Okay."

Four Hours Later

"Maybe you should turn down the damage. I think 8d6 Fire damage would be a little too much if they fail the Con save for the Arcane Sticks." Flynt said.

"Maybe I should tone it down to 4d6. But what do you think about scaling?" I asked. "The more frequently you use it, the higher the save and damage."

"I think that would be good. But the same should go for the Wisdom save since it is to see if their characters develop an addiction."

"True. But I'm still not sure about the price. I think forty gold pieces as a baseline would be too much for them."

"Yeah, forty might be too much. Maybe thirty since the addiction would force them to buy more. And that would quickly rack up." Flynt said.

"Good point. But what do you think about the consequences? Do you think they are good?" I asked.

"It needs a rework. Disadvantage on concentration saves is alright for casters or in the niche circumstance for half-casters. But aside

from that, martials have nothing to worry about should they fail the save."

"Right. I forgot about that. Perhaps something with dexterity and charisma saves/checks would suffice."

"Yeah. I think that would be good." Flynt said. "So, what now?"

"I think we should take a small break."

"Yeah. A break sounds nice."

"Then we can start working on testing some other mechanics. I feel like if done well; it can be a lot of fun. But if not, then it would be just tedious and a pain in the ass." I said.

"True. And it can be boring or too easy if you don't put enemies of the same power level."

"Right. But we can worry about that later. Let's go grab some lunch."

"Lunch sounds good. I'm getting hungry." Flynt said as we got up. "But before I forget."

"What is it?"

"You think any of your other friends might find this place?" Flynt asked. But before I could say anything, a red blur tackled me to the ground so hard that the building shook a bit. Yet, Flynt seemed unfazed by this. "I guess that answers that."

"Y-yeah. Ow." I groaned, wondering who my attacker was this time while waiting for the dancing Grimm to go away.

"Need a hand?" Flynt asked, chuckling.

"N-no." I weakly answered, still wondering who had attacked me. Thankfully, the voice gave it away.

"I FOUND YOU, JAUNE!" The voice of my partner said.

"Hey, Pyrrha." I said, chuckling as she picked me up. Once on my feet, I saw Nora and Ren standing behind her. "Hey, Nora. Hey, Ren."

"Hey, Jaune." Ren said, smiling as Pyrrha pulled me into another tight hug. And I had to stop myself from blushing as I felt her breasts rub against me.

"Hey, Jaune." Nora said as she gave me a quick hug when Pyrrha let go off me. But I became nervous when I saw Pyrrha glaring at me.

"Uh, is something wrong?" I nervously asked.

"Yes." Pyrrha answered, crossing her arms. "You had us worried, Jaune."

"Uh. I-" I began, looking at Ren.

"I told them." Ren said before I could finish.

"But you didn't tell us where." Pyrrha said.

"She's right, Jaune. We know you can take care of yourself. But you could have still told us." Nora said.

"We thought you were in trouble. We thought Cardin and his team were blackmailing you again." Pyrrha said.

"Wait. Someone was blackmailing, Jaune?" Flynt asked Ren.

"Yes. Another team blackmailed Jaune into doing things. It was a rough time for Jaune." Ren answered.

"Oh, that's not good."

"Obviously. Nobody should be blackmailed like that. And I didn't like seeing them do that to my friend." Ren said with a light glare.

"Well, yes. But I was talking about something else."

"Like what?" Ren asked. But I couldn't hear what Flynt said as he whispered it into Ren's ears. Although, I pretty much figured out the answer when Ren's eyes went wide, and he let out a silent 'oh.'

"Jaune! Answer us!" Pyrrha said, snapping me back to attention.

"Sorry. I spaced out for a moment. What was the question again?" I asked.

"We asked why are you here and why didn't you tell us anything?" Pyrrha asked.

"Well, I came here to play with some friends our favorite game. And I didn't tell you directly since you two were still in class."

"You could have at least texted us, Jaune, to let us know you were alright." Pyrrha said. "And you could have at least told us that you would have been in Vale for two nights in a row.

"You're right. I'm sorry." I said.

"Oh, no. We're not letting you off the hook this time." Pyrrha said, crossing her arms. "You owe us, Jaune."

"She like him a lot, don't they?" Flynt asked Ren and Nora.

"More than you would think." Ren said.

"She is deeply in love with him and has been dropping hints for a while." Nora added.

"Yeah, I saw that coming." I sheepishly said. "How can I make it up to you?"

"I'll tell you when we return to Beacon." Pyrrha answered.

"Fine." I said. "But, uh. How did you find me?"

"Well..." Pyrrha said. "We were looking for you, saw this place, and decided to check it out. We planned on only staying here for a few moments."

"But then we saw you here." Nora finished.

"And then you tackled him to the ground." Flynt said, chuckling.

"Uh. Who are you?" Pyrrha asked.

"This is Flynt Coal. One of my friends." I answered.

"Nice to meet you."

"Likewise." Flynt said.

"So, what game were you playing, Jaune-Jaune? And why didn't you tell us?" Nora asked.

"It's called Dungeons and Dragons." I answered. "And the reason I didn't tell you is because of some... past stuff. Let's leave it that."

"What-" Pyrrha began, worried.

"It's personal. He'll tell you when he's ready." Flynt interjected.

"Okay." Pyrrha said, moving to grab and gently squeeze my hand.

"Moving back to Dungeons and Dragons." Nora said. "Is it fun?"

"Oh, it is. It's a lot of fun. A bit complicated, though." I answered.

"What's Dungeons and Dragons? I never heard of it before." Pyrrha asked.

"Dungeons and Dragons is a Tabletop Role Playing Game where you get to create a character using one of twelve playable classes, not including unofficial ones, and go on an adventure narrated by a Dungeon Master." Ren answered, surprising everyone.

"Uh, how do you know that?" Flynt asked.

"I played it once or twice before. But that was a while ago, and I didn't get to do much in it." Ren explained.

"Did they at least explain some of the mechanics?" I asked, curious.

"Not really. They rushed through everything and only gave half-answers."

"Yeah. That, unfortunately, happens sometimes with some groups." Flynt said.

"How long have you been playing, Jaune?" Pyrrha asked.

"A little more than a decade now." I answered.

"Wow. That's a long time." Nora said, shocked.

"Yeah. But we like it. It's such a fun game."

"Do you think you can teach us, Jaune?" Pyrrha asked.

"Of course." I said, smiling.

"And after you teach us, if we have enough time, can we have a quick one-shot session?" Ren asked.

"If we have time, sure."

"What's a one-shot session?" Nora asked.

"Essentially, it's a campaign that can be completed in one meeting. Although, sometimes, that can take two meetings." Flynt answered.

"In that case, I think having a session would be nice. If we have time, though." Pyrrha said, with Nora agreeing.

"Alright." I said. "Flynt. Can you get some character sheets set up? I'll be right back."

"Sure." Flynt answered before motioning for the others to follow him. Smiling, I left the room for the ground floor.

Ten Minutes Later

"Okay. I'm back." I said as I sat down. "Did you finish setting everything up?"

"Yes. I even set up some of your stuff." Flynt answered.

"Alright. Then let's get started."

"What's in the bags?" Pyrrha asked.

"Some custom dice." I answered, handing them their bags.

"WOW!" They said, shocked at seeing the dice that had their crests.

"They're amazing, Jaune." Nora said.

"Glad you like." I said, grabbing some pencils and handing them to them along with an eraser. "Now, let's get started."

"Where should we start?" Ren asked.

"First with creating your characters." I answered while taking out my scroll.

"Wow. That's a lot of classes and races." Pyrrha said.

"And I think they added some since I last played." Ren added.

"Yeah. They recently added a few more playable races and classes." I said.

"Can you help us?" Nora asked, moving closer to me for some reason.

"Of course." I said. "Flynt. Can you help Ren while I help Nora and Pyrrha?"

"Sure."

"Alright. Let's start with you, Nora." I said.

"Yay." Nora cheered.

"So, what class calls to you?"

"Hmm. I say the fighter." Nora answered.

"Alright. Let's write it down on your character sheet." I said, writing it down.

"What level are you making them?" Flynt suddenly asked.

"Uh. Make them level seven."

"Alright."

"How many levels are there?" Pyrrha asked.

"Twenty Levels."

"So what do I choose now?" Nora asked.

"Let's go step by step. But first." I said, sliding the scroll to Pyrrha. "Now you get to choose a class."

"Hmm. I think I will choose a fighter, the same as Nora." Pyrrha answered.

"Really?" I asked, surprised.

"Yeah. I don't think I want to try a magic class just yet anyway."

"Okay. Now that you both have your classes, we'll need to roll for your ability scores, as they are central to the game and how well you do in specific areas." I said.

"What and where are the ability scores?" Pyrrha asked.

"Right here." I answered, pointing to the column on the left side. "Their names pretty much tell you what they represent. They essentially represent your character's mental and physical abilities. An example is Constitution, which represents your health and endurance. And Wisdom is for perception and insight into things."

"How do we roll for them?" Nora asked.

"You take the D6." I said, picking one up. "And roll it three times. You combine it, and that's your total for one attribute."

"And we can put the number for any attribute, right?" Pyrrha asked, grabbing the D6.

"Yes. But it's preferable to place the highest numbers in the slots your classes use the most. The fighter class uses Strength and Constitution the most. So places the highest numbers there. The rest is up to you."

"Alright. Here goes." Nora said as she rolled. And what she got was 14, 10, 13, 10, 8, and 11. "Did I roll good?"

"Not the best, but still decent." I answered before turning to Pyrrha. "Alright, your turn."

"Hopefully, not too bad." Pyrrha said as she rolled. She got a 15, 12, 13, 10, 8, and a 6. "Is this good?"

"Yeah, I would say so." I answered as it was better than I expected.

"Now what?" Nora asked.

"The race. But I'm picking that for you this time." I answered.

"Where do we put it?" Pyrrha asked.

"You see the box in the top right. One of the lines says race. You write it there."

"The same goes for him, right?" Flynt asked.

"Yes. They are getting the variant human race."

"Okay."

"Variant human?" Nora asked, confused.

"A different version of the human. Whereas the standard human race gives a +1 to all scores, the variant human only gives a +1 to two different scores. Go ahead and put your number in your slots and then increase two different ones by one."

"Okay. I'll give it to Strength and Constitution." Nora said, bringing her 14 to a 15 and her 13 in Con to a 14.

"I'll do the same." Pyrrha said, erasing her 15 and replacing it with a 16. And then changing her Con score from a 13 to a 14.

"Does the race give us anything else?" Nora asked.

"Yes, but I will go over them when we finish this part." I answered. "Now, we fill in your proficiencies."

"Where do we put that?" Pyrrha asked.

"Right here. Under Features and Traits. And if you don't have enough room, there is a larger box on the last page where you can put them." I answered.

"So, what do we put?" Nora asked.

"First, there are two parts we need to fill in. And that's Saving Throws and Skills." I said, pointing to the two spots. "In Saving throws, fill in the dot next to Constitution and Strength."

"Okay. And what about skills?" Pyrrha asked.

"Choose two skills from Acrobatics, Animal Handling, Athletics, History, Insight, Intimidation, Perception, and Survival."

"Any two of those?" Nora asked.

"Yes."

"Okay. I'll choose survival and athletics."

"And you, Pyrrha?" I asked.

"I think I will choose the same." Pyrrha answered.

"Alright. Now comes the second feature your character's race gives you. You can choose another skill to become proficient in. And it can be anyone you want."

"I will... choose... intimidation." Nora said.

"And you, Pyrrha?"

"I'm not too sure. But I think I will choose medicine." Pyrrha answered, surprising me.

"Really? Medicine?" I asked, confused.

"Well, I know how to patch up some minor injuries that I got from my training."

"Oh, that makes sense."

"What's next?" Nora asked.

"Next is your equipment. You get to choose what you want from the options presented." I answered, pointing to the spot. "First, let's start with the armor. You two have the option of Chain Mail or leather armor."

"Which should we choose?" Pyrrha asked.

"Both have their merits and downsides. Chain Mail gives you a higher AC but makes it so you have Disadvantage on stealth checks. Leather armor gives you less AC but doesn't impose Disadvantage."

"What's AC?" Nora asked.

"When you roll to attack, which I will explain in a bit, you need to beat the AC. The AC is your armor class. If you roll higher, your attack hits. But if not, your attack misses." I said. "But to compensate for this, choosing Leather Armor lets you get a longbow and twenty arrows."

"I think I will choose the Chainmail." Pyrrha said.

"I will choose Chainmail too." Nora said.

"Okay. Now we get to choose your weapons." I said, changing to the weapons menu. "Now. You have the choice of two martial weapons or a single martial weapon and a shield."

"OH! A WARHAMMER! CAN I TAKE THAT?" Nora asked excitedly.

"Of course. Now, do you want a shield or choose another weapon?"

"I'll choose... the Greataxe."

"Okay. Write that down." I said before turning to Pyrrha. "Now, what do you want, Pyr?"

"Is there a spear?" Pyrrha asked.

"Yes, but that is a simple melee weapon. There is one in the martial weapon section: the trident. But it is basically the spear stats-wise, but you have fewer options with some combos, and it's more expensive. So, I'll you have the spear."

"Thank you, Jaune." Pyrrha said, smiling. "I'll take the spear and shield."

"You're welcome. And because you chose the shield, your AC goes up by two as long as you're wielding it." I said, writing down the damage and damage type on their sheets. "Now, for your ranged weapons. You can choose between a light crossbow or two handaxes."

"Ranged weapons? How are handaxes ranged?" Nora asked, confused.

"Some weapons have the thrown property. You can throw it at the enemy, and it will do a certain amount of damage. But if a weapon doesn't have it, it does a flat 1d4 damage without any bonuses."

"Makes sense."

"Since this is for range, I'll choose the light crossbow." Pyrrha said.

"Same." Nora said.

"Alright. Next comes the part that doesn't matter too much." I said.

"What's that?"

"Here, for the last part of your equipment, you can choose between a dungeoneer's pack and an explorer's pack. But they don't matter too much in my campaigns since I usually forget about them. However, you can still use them in the campaign if you want or if you think they can help you."

"Is there any difference between them?" Pyrrha asked.

"There's only a niche difference between them. But you don't have to worry about it since, as Jaune said, he usually forgets about them." Flynt interjected before returning to helping Ren.

"Flynt's right. They do serve some purposes like rations and making camping easier, but I usually just ignore that unless it's a meatgrinder campaign."

"Meatgrinder?" Nora asked, confused.

"A very difficult campaign where a lot of characters you make will probably die."

"So, we can choose either one this time, right?" Pyrrha asked.

"Yes."

"Alright, I'll choose the dungeoneer's pack."

"And I'll choose the explorer's pack." Nora said.

"Alright. Now, you choose your fighting style, which is self-explanatory." I said as I scrolled to show the options. "While you can choose whatever you want, there are some I would recommend. Great Weapon Fighting for Nora and Protection for Pyrrha."

"What do they do?" Pyrrha asked.

"Great Weapon Fighting makes it so that when the damage of a weapon with a two-handed or versatile property is 1 or 2, she can reroll the damage. Protection makes it so that you can impose Disadvantage on an enemy when they attack an ally that's within 5 feet of you."

"What was Disadvantage again?"

"Right, I forgot to tell you. Nearly everything done in D&D is by rolling the dice. Disadvantage and advantage makes you roll twice. With

Disadvantage, you take the lower roll, and with advantage, you take the higher roll."

"Oh, okay."

"So, are you going to take those, or are you going to choose something else?"

"I'll choose Protection."

"And I'll stick with what you gave me, Jaune." Nora said.

"Okay. Next, you both get Action Surge and Second Wind. Action Surge lets you do an additional action. Second Wind lets you regain some health."

"How much health do we have?" Pyrrha asked.

"We'll do that in a bit." I answered. "Now comes your Martial Archetype. We'll do this one at a time. First, Nora."

"Yes?" Nora asked.

"Look through these archetypes and tell me which one you would like."

"Uh, maybe you can pick one for me, Jaune. I have no idea what any of them even mean or could do."

"Alright." I said. "Okay. Well, there is one archetype that I think fits you. And that's the Rune Knight archetype."

"What's that about?"

"The Rune Knight is all about these runes that give you special abilities. Additionally, it allows you to become a giant and shield your allies." I answered as I showed her the available runes. "Do any catch your eye?"

"Well, the cloud rune says I can protect others, so I'll take that. Wait, how many can I take?"

"Because you are level seven, you can take three."

"Okay. I have the cloud rune. The frost rune seems like it might come in handy. What else? OOH! THE STORM RUNE! I'LL TAKE THAT!"

"Okay. Write that down." I said, chuckling. "Now, let's move on to the next two features. The first is Giant Might."

"What does that do?"

"You become large size in height; you gain advantage on Strength checks and Strength saving throws. And once on each of your turns, you deal an additional 1d6 damage. But you can only use this feature a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus."

"What's our proficiency bonus, and what do we use it for?" Pyrrha asked.

"And I forgot about that as well." I said, slightly annoyed with myself. "Since you're level seven, your proficiency bonus is a +3. And proficiency is what you add to any roll that involves a highlighted skill or saving throw. Let's say you need to roll animal handling. After you roll, you add your ability modifier, which is the number in the smaller circle, and then you add the proficiency bonus. But if the skill or save is not highlighted, you don't add the proficiency bonus."

"So, what we are better at and have experience in as opposed to what we don't have experience in."

"That's one way of putting it."

"What's next?" Nora asked.

"The last feature of your archetype is Runic Shield. When another creature you can see within 60 feet of you is hit by an attack roll, you can use your reaction to force the attacker to reroll the d20 and use

the new roll. And like Giant's Might, you can use it a number of times equal to your proficiency bonus."

"Alright."

"Now for Pyrrha." I said, sliding the scroll to her with the archetypes showing. "Do you want to see them, or do you want me to choose one for you?"

"The Battle Master seems interesting." Pyrrha answered.

"Alright. The Battle Master revolves around maneuvers. You can only use one per attack. They offer a wide range of benefits like granting additional damage, making it easier to hit enemies, helping others, etc. And they revolve around Superiority Dice. Because you are level seven, you have five uses." I answered before taking her third sheet and pointing to the top. "Some maneuvers make the enemy do a saving throw against your dc. In this case, it is eight + your proficiency bonus + your Strength modifier, which would equal fifteen."

"So, if they pass, they are unaffected?"

"That depends on which maneuver. Sometimes, they are unaffected entirely or only take half damage. It will say in the description of what each maneuver does."

"Alright. How many can I choose?" Pyrrha asked as she skimmed through the list.

"Five." I answered, about to turn to Nora to finish her character. But before I could, Pyrrha spoke up.

"Done."

"What? You picked out five already?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes. I didn't understand some of them, but the ones that I did were ones that I personally would use when fighting."

"What are they?"

"Trip Attack, Distracting Strike, Riposte, Disarming Attack, and Brace."

"Alright. Now, your next archetype features. You have Student of War and Know Your Enemy. Student of War gives you proficiency with one type of artisan tool of your choice. And Know Your Enemy basically lets you find out one stat of someone else when you spend one minute observing or interacting with another creature outside combat."

"That might be useful. But what about artisan tools?" Pyrrha asked, curious.

"Some of the most niche items in all of D&D." Flynt said before laughing and returning to helping Ren.

"Basically, what Flynt said. Tools are very niche items that are not used that often. In very specific campaigns and settings do they see some use, but even then, they rarely see use." I added. "And that's because there are other ways to streamline the process of whatever you're trying to do without needing a roll or wasting time."

"So, I don't have to choose?"

"Choose whatever you want, just your probably not going to use it in this session."

"Alright. In that case, I'll choose the Cartographer's Tools since they seem the most useful."

"Okay, and that's it for your archetype. Now, we finish making your character." I said. "Now, at certain levels, you get to increase your ability scores. You can either increase two of them by one or one by two."

"Anyone, we want?" Nora asked.

"Yes, anyone you want."

"In that case, I'll increase Strength." Nora said, increasing her Strength from 15 to 17.

"And you, Pyr?"

"I'll do the same." She answered, changing her 16 to 18.

"Now, at fifth level, you get an extra attack, meaning you can attack twice during each of your turns."

"Does it have to be with a different weapon?" Nora asked.

"No, it can be with the same weapon."

"How much is left for our characters?" Pyrrha asked.

"Not much. Now, because you're level six fighters, you can increase your ability scores again."

"The same way?"

"Yes."

"Okay. I will increase my Wisdom ability Score so it isn't a -1." Pyrrha said, changing her 8 to a 10.

"And you, Nora?"

"I'll increase my strength again." Nora answered.

"Alright. And you now have a nineteen." I said, chuckling.

"Is there a limit to what our ability scores can be?" Pyrrha asked.

"Yes, twenty is the max they can be." I answered. "Alright. We're in the home stretch. Only four things left."

"What are they?"

"First, your walking speed. Every race has one. And the walking speed is to show many feet you can move during combat."

"Can't we move more? And what of outside combat?" Nora asked.

"You can dash, which doubles your movement speed, but you can't attack after you do that. And the walking speed is only for encounters and to show how fast your character is. Outside of combat, you can move as much as you want."

"What is our walking speed?" Pyrrha asked.

"Thirty."

"Okay. What's next?"

"Next is your background." I said, opening a page containing the background options.

"What are backgrounds for?" Nora asked.

"They give some... flavor to your characters for roleplay reasons. But they also give you some benefits, like more skills."

"In that case." Nora said, scrolling through the list. "I'll take the Far Traveller background since it kind of fits me."

"Alright. And because you chose that, fill in Insight and Perception in your skills list."

"What about languages?"

"You don't have to worry about that for this session." I answered before turning to Pyrrha. "Now, for you, Pyr."

"Is there one for people that fight in tournaments?"

"Yes, that's the gladiator entertainer. And from that background, you gain proficiency in Insight and Perception."

"Okay."

"Wait. What about these other features, Jaune?" Nora asked, pointing to the Ally Eyes on You Feature.

"Don't worry about that. Like the languages, it won't be important in this session." I answered. "Now comes Feats, courtesy of the Variant Human race."

"What do feats do?" Pyrrha asked.

"A feat represents a talent or an area of expertise that gives a character special capabilities. Two come to mind that would best fit your characters and your personalities."

"What are they, Jaune?" Nora asked.

"For you, Nora, you get the Crusher Feat. It increases your Strength or Constitution by 1. When you hit an enemy with bludgeoning damage, you can move it 5 feet to an unoccupied space. Also, when you score a critical hit that deals bludgeoning damage to a creature, all attacks against the creature have advantage until your next turn."

"Okay. I write that down in feature and traits, right?"

"Yes." I answered before turning to Pyrrha. "And for you, Pyr. You get the Polearm Master Feat."

"What does it give me?" Pyrrha asked.

"When you attack with your spear, you can use a bonus action to make a melee attack with the opposite end of the weapon. When you do this, it deals a d4 damage. And enemies provoke an opportunity attack from you when they enter the range of your weapon."

"What's an opportunity attack?" Nora asked.

"Opportunity attacks are chances for you to hit a fleeing or passing enemy. But because of Polearm Mastery, Pyrrha can attack one that runs toward her." I answered.

"Now, what's left?" Pyrrha asked.

"You're hp, which is short for Hit Points or Health Points."

"How do we find that?" Nora asked.

"For the first level, you add your constitution modifier to a ten. Then for every lever afterward, up to seven, you roll a d10 and add your modifier to the result." I answered.

"Alright." Pyrrha said.

"Here goes." Nora said as they rolled for their hp.

"How's it going for you two?" I asked Flynt and Ren.

"We finished a few moments ago." Flynt answered.

"Wha did he choose?"

"A Soul Knife Rogue, and he took the Alert Feat and Urchin background."

"That's a good choice." I said before turning to Ren. "Did you understand most of it?"

"Most of it. Some I remember, while other parts I'm still confused about." Ren answered.

"Don't worry. Everything will come in time, and you will be able to breeze through this in only a few moments." I assured.

"Done." Nora and Pyrrha said.

"You finished?" I asked.

"Yes. This was a lot more difficult to make than I thought." Pyrrha said.

"It is a little overwhelming. But as I just told Ren, after a few more times, you'll get the hang of it."

"So, can we start now?" Nora excitedly asked.

"Yes." I answered, chuckling. "Welcome to your first D&D session."

"YAY!" Nora cheered. Although, she became sad for some reason when I got up and moved to my seat.

"Now, before we start." I said as I prepped my stuff. "Would you all like to start off as a group, or have never seen each other before?"

"As a group." They answered.

"Alright."

"Wait." Ren said.

"Yes, Ren?"

"What about... uh-" Ren began, pointing to Flynt.

"Flynt." Flynt said.

"Will he be joining us?"

"Yes. He will be joining you guys, but down the line." I answered.

"How?" Nora asked.

"You'll see."

"Wait. What idea are you using?" Flynt asked.

"The Cloverfield idea."

"Isn't that a bit much for them? I mean, surviving in a place while fending off demons is more for advanced players."

"No, you're thinking of the This is the End campaign idea. Cloverfield is where they have to escape."

"Oh, right. Yeah, I mixed them up. But in that case, I should probably go for a healer." Flynt said while taking out his character sheets.

"Anyway, let's begin." I said, turning back to the others. "You three are in the fictional town of Tamar. Right now, you are being led by your team's instructor into the tavern known as Canopus to celebrate your recent promotion to level seven adventurers."

"Wait. Jaune, do you have a spare piece of paper?" Ren asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"To write down notes."

"Well, I don't think you'll need to. But if you want, here are some." I said, handing him some blank paper.

"Thanks." Ren said, smiling. Nodding, I coughed to clear my throat and then changed my voice.

"Ah, here we are, adventurers. The most famous bar in the Port Town of Tamar to celebrate your recent promotion to level seven. As he says this, your instructor gestures around him to all the patrons celebrating and having the time of their lives. Now, go ahead and enjoy yourselves. And if you aim to get drunk, try those Molotov flaming cocktails. I might not trust Artificers, but they damn sure made this town of theirs wonderful. If you need me, I'll be in the back. Your instructor then leaves and disappears into the crowd." I said. "Now, what do you three do?"

"We can do anything, right?" Pyrrha asked.

"Within reason, yes."

"But ultimately, it's up to the DM to see if it's feasible or if you can do it." Flynt added.

"Okay. Can I check to see if there are any dangerous things here?" Pyrrha asked.

"Okay. Give me a perception check."

"How do I do that?"

"Take the D20. This one." I said, holding one up. "And add your wisdom modifier. Then, check to see if you have perception filled in your skills section. If you do, add your proficiency bonus."

"Here goes. That's a seven. And I don't have perception filled in, so that's still a seven, right?"

"Yes. And with that roll, the most dangerous thing you see is the obvious weapons that lay on the tables next to passed-out adventurers." I said. "Do you do anything else?"

"Can I go order a drink?"

"Sure. And as you approach the bartender, he looks at you and smiles. Ah, welcome, adventurer. It's always so nice to see ones that got a promotion. And it's even better when a famous one is in the bar. What can I get you?"

"Do you have a virgin pina colada?"

"Yes, we do." I said before turning to Nora and Ren. "As the bartender makes the drink, what would both like to do?"

"I would like also like to look around." Ren answered.

"Okay. Roll a perception check."

"I got a fifteen. And I add a three because I am... proficient with it, right?"

"Yes."

"So an eighteen."

"From that eighteen, you can tell that some of the patrons are actually guards in disguise. And you can also tell that some of the others in the back are Level 20 adventurers." I said. "Oh, and before I forget. Do you tell Nora and Pyrrha this?"

"Uh, wouldn't it be assumed I do this?" Ren asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Not really." Flynt answered. "There are times when the DM does automatically put it where your characters tell the others. However, other times you have to say it. And there could be different reasons for it."

"Flynt's right. In this case, Pyrrha's character isn't next to your characters. She might know this out-of-game, but in-game, her character doesn't know."

"Okay. So, I tell Nora's character and then go to tell Pyrrha's character." Ren said.

"Nora, does your character go with him?" I asked.

"Yes. But can I also roll?" Nora asked.

"If it's for perception, you don't have to since Ren's roll was high enough for everything you needed to know. But you can still roll if you want."

"In that case, I won't roll."

"Okay. As your characters reach the bar, you notice the bartender finish making Pyrrha's drink and hand it to her. Afterward, he notices

you two. Ah, the rest of the party. Congratulations on your promotion. Would you like anything to drink?"

"Some water for me." Ren said.

"And the strongest drink you have." Nora said.

"Alright. I have the water here for the Rouge. The bartender says before sliding the bottle to your character Ren. He then turns back to you, Nora. Our strongest drink, you say. Well, that would be our Hand Grenade."

"OOH! I'LL TAKE THAT!" Nora says.

"Okay, one Hand Grenade coming up. And in a blur of movements, the bartender makes your drink in less than a second. He then passes it to you, Nora."

"Thanks."

"Wait. How much are the drinks?" Ren asked

"Three gold coins." I answered. "Who would like to pay for it?"

"I'll-wait. I don't have any gold coins." Pyrrha said.

"Wait. You don't have any? I thought you had fifteen?"

"I don't. I have fifteen ep. Whatever that is."

"Oh, okay. You put it in the wrong spot. Ep is below gold. So, erase the fifteen and place it next to where it says Gp."

"Oh, my bad." Pyrrha sheepishly said before erasing the number and placing it in the correct spot. "Uh, I'll pay for the drinks."

"You hand the bartender the three gold coins, so change the fifteen to a twelve." I said before turning to Nora. "Nora, give me a Constitution saving throw."

"Uh, what for?" Nora asked.

"The drink is pretty strong. This is to see if you become drunk, tipsy, or remain sober."

"Okay. I add my proficiency bonus, right?"

"Yes."

"That's... a... twenty-one."

"Wait. She got a twenty-three." Flynt interjected. "She forgot to add her ability modifier."

"Oh, I forgot that. Yeah, I got a twenty-three."

"With that score, you down the drink with no problem and remain sober." I said. "Okay, now what would you like to do?"

"I don't think we can do much since we're in a bar celebrating. So, I say we sit at one of the tables and enjoy ourselves." Pyrrha said.

"Yeah, I think that would be a good idea." Ren said.

"Same." Nora added.

"Okay." I said while rolling a D12 behind my shield. "For the next two hours, you three talk and relax at one of the tables. Nothing noteworthy happens aside from some drunk adventurers suddenly bursting out into song. However, after a moment, you all feel the building suddenly shake, as if a tremor just struck the town."

"Wait. Hold on. Before we continue." Pyrrha said.

"What is it, Pyr?"

"Do we have to roleplay through our characters?"

"You can, but you don't have to. Although, I would appreciate it if you tell me when your character says something. It would help me tremendously."

"Okay." Pyrrha said. "My character asks what that was."

"My character says it could have been an earthquake." Ren said.

"Is there a roll we can do to see if it was an earthquake or something else?" Nora asked.

"Yes. Roll survival with Disadvantage." I answered.

"That means twice and use the lower roll?" Pyrrha asked.

"Yes."

"All of us?" Nora asked.

"Only if you want; it's not mandatory."

"That's an eleven." Ren said.

"A ten for me." Pyrrha said.

"Oh. I rolled two nineteens." Nora said. "Wait. If both numbers are the same when I have Disadvantage, do I roll again?"

"No. If both numbers are the same, you don't roll again. We just use it. And because of the nineteen, your character realizes it wasn't an earthquake." I said.

"My character says she doesn't think it was an earthquake. I think it's something else."

"I wonder what it is then." Ren said.

"As you say that, all the televisions suddenly start blaring as the emergency broadcast message displays on the screen. It says that a

code: red evacuation has been ordered. However, before the screen can show anything else, another tremor shakes the building, causing all the televisions to fall to the ground." I said.

"What is a code: red?" Pyrrha asked.

"Roll history to see if your characters would remember what it means."

"Seven."

"Eight." Nora said.

"Eighteen." Ren said.

"Ren, you remember that a code: red means that something is invading that could destroy a town easily." I said.

"My character tells the others that something is invading."

"Well, we can't let it continue destroying this town. Let's go fight it." Nora said, excited.

"After you say that, Nora, another tremor hits the bar, causing chunks of the roof to fall down on the tables. Luckily, the sober patrons pulled the drunks to safety before they got crushed. A second later, the lights go out before also falling. Soon, everyone else runs out of the bar with their weapons. What do you do?"

"I say we follow them. We could help them fight whatever is invading." Pyrrha said.

"Yeah, we have to help them." Ren said.

"And I want to see how combat goes." Nora added.

"Okay. You three grab your gear and weapons before rushing outside, where you see hundreds of civilians running for their lives. You also see hundreds of other adventurers rushing toward the

coast. You three turn in the direction they're going and see this creature attacking the national statue of Tamar." I said before showing them the monster on my scroll.

"THAT'S ATTACKING THE TOWN!?" They asked, shocked.

"Yup." I answered, chuckling.

"I think we might need some bigger weapons." Pyrrha said.

"Can I roll to see if my character knows what it is?" Ren asked.

"Yes, but there's no need. Your instructor from before comes rushing to you three." I answered.

"My character asks what's going on. What is that creature?" Pyrrha asked.

"That creature is a tarrasqu. It's one of the most powerful creatures in the material plane. These things are weapons of mass destruction. And it won't rest until the town is destroyed. Hopefully, we can take it down or lure it away before it causes too much damage."

"Can we help?" Nora asked. "And as she says this, she takes out her warhammer."

"No. None of you are ready. You're only level seven. And during Code: Red emergencies, all low-level adventurers must evacuate the town. He then gives you a map of the town. Go, get out of here. This is not a fight for you three. And before any of you could say or do anything, your instructor leaves to help the others." I said before taking a sip from my water bottle. "Now, what will you do?"

"I say we leave. If the tarrasqu is as powerful as he says it is, we stand no chance against it." Ren said.

"As much as I want to try out some combat, I think we should leave as well." Nora said. "But where should we go? He just said to evacuate the town. He didn't say if there was an evacuation point."

"But he did give us this map. We can use it to get out of here." Pyrrha said before turning to me. "Can we do that? And do we need to roll for it?"

"Yes, you can do it. But you don't need to roll to read a map. However, you will need to make a survival check to find the quickest route out of there or to a spot you want to head to." I answered as I pulled up a fake map on my scroll and slid it to them.

"Any place we want?" Ren asked.

"Yes. As long as it's going away from the tarrasqu."

"Okay. So the tarrasqu is attacking the statue, which is to the northwest of us. So, I would say southeast to the harbor." Nora said. "And I think it's about six miles away."

"It's far, but I think it would be our best bet to go there." Ren said.

"So, survival, right?" Pyrrha asked.

"Yes." I answered. "But because you have proficiency with cartographer tools, I'll let you roll with advantage this time."

"Okay. Here goes. The first is a nineteen. And the second is a seven."

"Alright. With the nineteen, you find a route to the harbor that halves the time. What would have taken roughly sixty minutes now would take forty." I said as I rolled a D12, which landed on an eight. "Alright. For the first couple of blocks, aside from the screaming pedestrians trying to escape, nothing truly noteworthy catches your attention. But after another two blocks, you hear a blood-curdling scream followed by what sounds like a loud smash. Now, before I continue, there's something I have to tell you."

"What is it?" Ren asked.

"In D&D, there is rarely ever a set path that you must follow. And those few times are generally in longer campaigns with more of a focus on the plot. What I'm saying is this. You can take any kind of route you want. Creativity is key and is what makes this more fun."

"Oh, so we can choose to ignore something or do something that's not so obvious." Pyrrha said.

"Pretty much." Flynt answered.

"So, when your characters hear the sound, what did they do?" I asked.

"Should we investigate?" Ren asked Nora and Pyrrha.

"I'm not sure. If what the instructor said is accurate, we are low-level. But then again, we can't ignore anyone that might need our help." Pyrrha said.

"True. And nothing ventured, nothing gained, right?" Nora said.

" Right. So, we investigate the sound."

"Alright. Give me a perception to see if you can find where the sounds came from." I said.

"Why?" Ren asked.

"Despite being far from where the tarrasqu and others are fighting, you can still hear them. Not to mention, the sounds of screaming pedestrians around you make it a little hard to discern what's what and where it's coming from."

"Oh, okay. Perception, right?" Nora asked.

"Seven." Pyrrha said.

"Eight." Nora said.

"Ten." Ren said.

"Okay." I said, not expecting the rolls. "Ren. Remember, you have Psi-Bolstered Knack, which lets your roll a D8 and add it to your original result. You have six to use."

"Okay. I'll use one."

"Then erase the six next to where I put Psionic Energy dice and replace it with a five. Then roll the D8." Flynt said.

"Alright. A D8 and add it to my ten. I got a seven, so that's a seventeen." Ren said.

"Placing your hands to your temple, your Psionic powers clear your mind of distractions. You can now tell where those sounds are coming from. They are two blocks to your left, followed by a right turn." I said.

"Do you know where those screams came from?" Pyrrha asked Ren.

"Yes. It came from two blocks down and to the right." Ren answered.

"Then let's go." Nora said.

"Okay. You three push past the crowds of terrified pedestrians. And once your turn right, you three see the source of the noise." I said as I brought up the stat sheets of the monsters. "In the center of the intersection stands two twelve-foot machines that appear to be made out of iron. One has a sword, while the other has a club. They appear to be fighting strange flying creatures with horns. The tips of the wings have eyeballs instead of horns. Each time the creatures let out a roar, you see another eye in its mouth. And at the feet of the machines, you can make out eight other adventurers. However, you also see that they are engaged in combat with multiple four-armed winged creatures. What do you want to do?"

"Can I roll a perception check to see if I notice anything else?" Ren asked.

"Yes. Go ahead."

"That's... a seventeen."

"As you focus your gaze on the fight, your character realizes that the machines seem to be holding back. And you notice the same can be said for the adventurers. But after a moment, the answer comes to you. There are pedestrians trapped in the fight, trying to escape."

"Do I know how many?"

"From your roll, you could tell there are about six in total."

"I'm not sure about the monsters if we're able to take them. But we need to get the civilians out first."

"Right." Pyrrha agreed before seeming to remember something. "Wait. What was the ability I have that lets me know something about someone else?"

"That's Know Your Enemy. You spend a minute outside of combat observing a creature to discern one of its stats. They can be Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution scores. Or, it can be the armor class or remaining hit points." I answered. "But you only learn two of them each time you use it."

"Well, they are only two different enemies, so I'll choose the four-armed creatures. Can I use it for the hit points, and what represents the roll needed to hit?"

"That is the AC or armor class. And yes. For the four-armed creatures, their current hit points are inferior to yours, and so is their AC."

"Well, that doesn't help too much."

"In this instance. Know Your Enemy is more for to let you know who is the bigger threat or who you should focus on first." Flynt said.

"However, I should make this clear. Rarely, at least in my games, is there a time when you have to engage the enemy head-to-head. There will almost always be other options. Keep that in mind. With that said, what will you do?"

"How far away are we from the fight?" Pyrrha asked.

"About forty feet. You're still peeking around the corner." I answered as I slid a piece of graph paper toward them with some xs and os on them. "Here. This will give you a layout of the place. Each x is an enemy, and each o is a friendly. Each square is five feet."

"Okay. So we're forty feet away. Can we throw something to cause a distraction?" Nora asked.

"You can, but the chance of them taking the distraction is minimal." I answered.

"How many of the four-armed flying creatures are there?" Pyrrha asked.

"Four of them. And each one is fighting two adventurers."

"And those other flying ones?" Ren asked.

"Two."

"Hmm. The machines are keeping them busy, and we don't know how much stronger they are than us." Nora said.

"But we need to get the civilians out of there." Pyrrha said.

"Can I use my..." Ren began as he looked through his character sheets. "... Psychic whisper to try and communicate with the civilians?"

"Yes. But remember, you can only target up to three others, and there are six trapped." I answered.

"Hmm. I think it won't matter. They seemed to be in pairs. Can I have it where I can talk to one in each par?"

"Yes. What would you like to say to them?"

"Can we hold off on that for a moment? We still need to think of a plan." Ren said.

"Sure."

"How about this? We climb to the top of one of the houses and throw a net on top of a creature." Pyrrha said.

"Do you even have a net?" Flynt asked, now intrigued.

"Yes. It's from my... background, I think. Yes, it's from my background."

"Very well. You can do that. But how will you get close to one, and which one are you going to use it on?" I asked.

"The ones on the left. There's an alleyway nearby. We can sneak there, climb to the roof, and throw the net over the creature."

"You can do that. But remember, you and Nora have Disadvantage on stealth checks due to your armor."

"Am I able to use my Psi-Bolstered Knack to help them?" Ren asked.

"No. That only works on you."

"I still think we should do it." Pyrrha said.

"Yeah. And if not, we can always fight." Nora said.

"Alright. Roll for stealth." I said.

"Wait. Hold on. Let me send the people the message." Ren interjected.

"Right. What's the message?"

"To stay calm. We're going to get them out of there soon."

"Okay. After you send the message, they tense up but relax when they see you." I said. "Alright. Now roll for stealth."

"Nineteen and eighteen." Pyrrha said.

"Seventeen and fifteen." Nora said.

"Don't forget to double your proficiency bonus to stealth because you have expertise." Flynt reminded Ren.

"Right." Ren said.

"What does expertise mean here?" Pyrrha asked, curious.

"If you have expertise in a skill, you double your proficiency bonus. If you have a +3, you add a +6." I answered.

"Twenty-six." Ren said.

"Okay. Now, for the enemy."

"Wait. They saw us?" Nora asked.

"No. Sometimes, in order to succeed in doing something, you need to beat what the enemy rolled to counter it. In this case, you need to beat its perception check." I answered as I rolled a D20, which landed on a 6. "And you three pass. It got a six. It has a +4 to perception, putting it at ten."

"YES!" Pyrrha and Nora cheered while Ren chuckled.

"You three successfully sneak to the alleyway undetected. Once there, you see some boxes, garbage piles, and a conveniently placed ladder. Setting up against the wall, you climb to the roof, move to the edge, and peer at the fight below. You see the two adventurers struggling to fend off the creature. Now, who wants to throw the net?"

"How do we throw the net?" Ren asked.

"You make a ranged weapon attack. It's a D20 plus your dexterity modifier and proficiency bonus if you have it."

"Who has the highest dexterity?" Pyrrha asked.

"I would recommend you do it, Pyrrha."

"Why?"

"You would have the highest bonus to the range attack. Ren can only add his dexterity bonus, which is a +3 since he is not proficient with nets." Flynt began.

"You and Nora are proficient with nets. But Nora doesn't have a dexterity bonus." I finished.

"Oh, okay. So, I roll a D20 and add my dexterity bonus and proficiency bonus?" Pyrrha asked as she rolled a die.

"Yes."

"Alright. And... that's... a nineteen."

"That hits. And the enemy needs to make a Strength saving throw." I said as the die stopped to show it landed on a four. With the modifier, it became a six, which still wasn't enough. "And it failed. The creature is now restrained. And the two adventurers it was facing were shocked but did not waste the opportunity. They quickly opened their books before pointing to the creature with their free hands. You hear a light crackle before lightning spews forward from

the adventurer on the left's fingers. While that happens, a thin green ray springs from the other adventurer's fingers. Now it must make two dexterity saves with Disadvantage. But it failed and turned to ash."

"Yes. That's one done." Ren said.

"After the creature is dead, the two adventurers nod their thanks to you before heading to help get the civilians to the alleyway. Now, which is your next target?"

"The one to the north." Pyrrha answered.

"What do you do with it?"

"Is it possible to coat it in oil?" Ren asked, surprising me.

"If you have sufficient oil, you can try it."

"I have two flasks in my Burglar's Pack."

"That will work."

"Do we need to make another stealth check?" Nora asked.

"No. You don't need to roll to traverse the roofs since they are the same height and close together. But after you cross a couple of them, you are now in range to throw the oil. Who will throw it this time?"

"And this time, the weapon is an improvised weapon." Flynt said.

"I... I don't think we are... proficient in improvised weapons. Or are we?" Pyrrha asked.

"No. None of you have proficiency with it. That means, for the throw, you just add your dexterity modifier." I answered.

"I think that means Ren should do it since he has the highest." Nora said.

"It's a D20 plus my Dex, right?" Ren asked.

"Yes."

"That's a fourteen. And with my dexterity modifier, it's a seventeen."

"That hits. The flasks of oil sail through the air before shattering against the creature and covering it in oil. The monster becomes confused, but these two adventurers waste no time at all. They immediately clasp their hands together. A bright streak flashes from the fingertips of the adventurer on the left while a ball of fire emerges from the palms of the adventurer on the right. They strike the creature, setting it ablaze. It shrieked in pain as it desperately tried to put itself out to no avail. With a final piercing shriek, it falls to the ground as a burnt body."

"Okay. With that out of the way, can I use my Psionic whisper to tell the civilians to head to the alleyway?" Ren asked.

"Yes. The ability lasts for whatever you roll in hours." I answered.

"Oh, I forgot to roll for that. It's a D8, right?"

"Yes."

"Okay. So it lasts three hours."

"Alright. They flee to the alleyway to join the others. Now, there are two enemies remaining aside from the ones the machines are fighting. What will you do now?" I asked.

"There are two civilians left. Let's get them out." Pyrrha answered.

"Okay. And just so you know, each monster is now surrounded by four adventurers. If you choose to make a ranged attack with your

crossbows, you get a free surprise round before officially entering combat."

"Perhaps we can trip the creature." Nora said.

"If you have a way, yeah, you can do that." I said.

"I have some ball bearings. Could that work?" Ren asked.

"If we can find a way to get it underneath the creature or to walk over them, I'm sure that could work." Pyrrha said.

"Uh. I'm just going to say this now. But that's not going to work." I said.

"Why?" Nora asked.

"The creature you're planning on using it on has the ability to fly. And for the ball bearings to work, a creature must walk "ON" them. So, even if you can get it underneath it, it can fly away and avoid it entirely." Flynt explained.

"Oh, well. That's out." Ren said.

"It looks like we're going to need to attack them. Can we still attack from range?" Pyrrha asked.

"Yes. But remember, it's one attack before they notice." I said. "But don't forget to roll twice since you have advantage this time."

"How do we attack with our crossbows?" Nora asked.

"A D20 plus proficiency and add your Dexterity modifier."

"Okay. Can I use my Steady Aim ability?" Ren asked.

"Yes, you can."

"What's Steady Aim?" Pyrrha asked.

"Once per round, Ren can give himself advantage on his next attack if he hasn't moved this round. However, if he does this, his speed drops to zero until the next round, meaning he can't move at all."

"Alright. And I got a ten and a fourteen."

"I got a six and a twelve." Nora said.

"The first is a twelve, and the second is an eighteen." Ren said.

"Nora. Pyrrha. You miss your attacks. Ren, your attack hits. Roll a D6 and add your Dex to the damage. Then, because you're a rogue, roll 4d6 for your sneak attack damage." I said.

"Twenty-five damage."

"Alright. And because it is resistant to normal piercing damage, it only takes twelve damage." I said before taking a sip of my water. I then rolled a die to see how it would react due to its low intelligence. "And because of it, the creature turns around and snarls at you. It then tries to fly at you, but as soon as it does, a sudden loud boom is heard, followed by the creature falling to the ground dead."

"Oh, that was close." Nora said.

"Now, what do you do?"

"We go done and help the civilians to safety." Ren answered.

"Alright. You all jump down from the house, grab the scared but thankful civilians and lead them to the alleyway. And as soon as they are out of the way, you hear a loud thud follow by the ground shaking. You all turn around and see the machines take a fighting stance. And then, from out of nowhere, a massive cloud of noxious gas comes out of them and surrounds the creatures they are fighting. They writhe around in pain and start choking before falling to the ground with the machines stepping on them a second later."

"What about the last one the other adventurers are facing?" Pyrrha asked.

"The machine with the sword uses it to slice the monster in half. Afterward, the adventurers walk toward you. Then, a lady with red hair wearing a purple hood steps forward. But what you immediately notice is that her hands are still on fire." I said before clearing my throat. "Ah, thanks for the help, young adventurers. We could have handled it ourselves, but we didn't want to risk innocents getting hurt."

"No problem. We were getting out of here, but we couldn't ignore people who needed our help." Pyrrha said.

"Admirable. Just be careful and remember to pick your fights. The last thing you want to happen is to end up fighting something that's far too powerful for you to handle."

"We'll keep that in mind." Nora said.

"Be sure you do."

"Oh, before I forget to ask. What were those creatures you were fighting, and what are these machines?" Ren asked.

"Those four-armed freaks are called Four-Armed Gargoyles. The others are called Eyedrakes. And these metal behemoths are called Iron Golems. The artificers made them so they can help protect the city." I said as I pulled up images of each creature on my scroll and passed it to the others. "This is what they look like."

"Wow." They said, surprised.

"The artificers made them?" Nora asked.

"Well, in this session's plot, yes." I answered.

"What are artificers anyway?" Pyrrha asked.

"Artificers are, in a sense, scientists that bridge the gap between scientific discoveries/inventions and magical properties. Basically, jokes aside, Artificers can create nearly anything they put their mind to." Flynt explained.

"He's right. The only real limit is your imagination and how lenient the DM is." I added before clearing my throat. "Again, thanks for the help. But I have to ask, where are you heading?"

"We're heading to the harbor." Ren answered.

"And if there is a ship, use it to sail away." Nora added.

"But do you think you can lend us a hand?" Pyrrha asked.

"Sorry. But all high-level adventures are needed to deal with the tarrasqu and other high-level threats." I answered.

"Damn. Well, good luck."

"Thanks. But before we part ways, I hate to ask you this."

"What is it?" Nora asked.

"As you travel to the harbor, try and rescue as many civilians as you can. And bring them with you. I don't think this town will be left standing once the fight is over."

"We can do that. But is there a ship big enough to hold us?" Ren asked.

"There's a Longship that's used to transport royalty, their families, and all their servants and staff across the seas safely. It is also very lavish, so no one would be uncomfortable as you all sail away."

"That will do. Thank you." Pyrrha said.

"The lady nods before she, the other adventurers, and the Iron Golems leave to help the others fight the tarrasqu. And as soon as

they leave, the civilians come out of hiding and move to stand next to you. What do you do now?" I asked.

"We continue making our way to the harbor." Pyrrha answered. Nodding, I rolled two D12s. One was a twelve, and the other was a six.

"Alright. For nearly the next two miles, you head to the harbor uninterrupted. You also managed to pick up another five civilians." I said as I rolled another die. "Okay. As you near another intersection, you start to feel the ground shake again."

"Another tarrasqu?" Pyrrha asked.

"Do you want to investigate?"

"Survival, right?" Nora asked.

"Yes."

"Twenty-two." Pyrrha said.

"Eighteen." Nora said.

"A one." Ren said, causing me to chuckle.

"Okay. That's not the greatest, Ren." I said.

"Why not?"

"Well, in most tables, there is this thing called critical failure and critical success. On a critical success, you do more than just succeed whatever the roll is. But on a critical failure, you botch it so badly. And it's up to the DM to decide whatever the outcome is." Flynt explained.

"So... what happens to my character?" Ren nervously answered.

"In trying to discern whatever is causing the tremor, you come to the conclusion that it is the ants at your feet that's causing everything." I said.

"Well, that's not too bad. I just got something wrong." Ren said.

"Wait until you roll one during combat, a saving throw, or a check that you need to pass. Then, you will learn to love and hate your dice." Flynt said.

"What do we get with our rolls, Jaune?" Nora asked.

"Okay. You and Pyrrha manage to discern that these aren't tremors caused by the planet shaking or a giant monster stomping on the ground. They appear to be the result of something burrowing through the ground."

"My character says that we should probably get off the road. Or, at the very least, away from the tremors." Pyrrha said.

"And no sooner than you said this, the ground started shaking violently again. You start to see cracks form underneath." I said as I looked at the map. "Alright. Everyone roll a Dexterity save."

"What about the civilians?" Nora asked.

"They don't have to roll. They are outside of what's about to happen."

"Nineteen." Ren said.

"Four." Nora said.

"Oh. Uh. I got a one." Pyrrha nervously said.

"Okay." I said, moving my hand in front of my face to cover my mouth so they wouldn't see me smirking. Coughing into my fist, I schooled my features before rolling a D6. "Okay. A second after you see the cracks, the ground gives way to a hole that's ten feet deep.

Ren, you managed to roll out of the way in time. Nora. Pyrrha. You both fall into the hole. Nora, you take one damage. Pyrrha."

"Y-Yes?"

"Because of the Nat 1, you take triple damage." I said before rolling another die. "And you got lucky. You take three damage. It was another one."

"That's a relief."

"So, we erase the number on the line and place it with the new number?" Nora asked.

"No. Keep the number on the line. Just write below what your new hp is." I answered.

"So, what now? My character is still on the ground while they are in the hole." Ren asked.

"Don't worry about that. As Nora and Pyrrha's characters get to their feet, a rope suddenly appears in front of them. And a second later, you all hear a voice."

"Need a hand?" Flynt asked.

"So Flynt is finally joining?" Ren asked.

"Yup."

"Nora and Pyrrha look up while Ren looks across the tunnel to see a semi-tall figure wearing robes with golden stitchings in the shape of a sun with a sword piercing it." I said.

"Do we need to make a check to climb the rope?" Pyrrha asked.

"It would normally be an Athletics check. But in this case, you don't need to roll."

"Okay. We climb the rope." Nora said.

"But that now leaves us with a problem. Nora and Pyrrha are on one side while the rest of us is on the other." Ren said.

"That is a problem. And I doubt everyone can climb across the rope." Flynt said. "So we need to find another way for them to get across."

"Could we make a makeshift bridge?" Nora asked.

"We have lots of rope." Pyrrha added.

"Yeah, but no nails or anything to keep the boards from falling." Flynt said.

"What about a rope bridge, and we use the pitons to keep it from falling?" Ren asked.

"That would take too long. And we don't know if there is another monster around the corner."

"Jaune. Can I make a perception check?" Pyrrha asked.

"Uh, sure. What are you looking for?" I asked.

"I want to see if any of the nearby homes are still mostly intact and if they are more than one story tall."

"Okay." I said, not sure where she was going with this. "Roll a perception check."

"Eleven."

"You see that most of the houses are in ruins and are about to collapse. But there are a few two and a single three-story houses nearby that are still standing upright. Fortunately, one is right next to you."

"What are you thinking?" Ren asked.

"The chasm is about ten feet wide. We have fifty feet of hempen rope. We could make the others rappel across." Pyrrha answered.

"That... will work. You can do that." I said, surprised. But I was also internally shocked at how often the packs came into play during this session. Typically, during a long campaign, they might have a few uses. And that was rare.

"Do we need to roll something?" Nora asked, snapping me from my thoughts.

"Uh... let me think. Give me a perception check. And whoever throws the rope to the other side needs to make a dexterity check."

"Twelve to throw the rope." Pyrrha said.

"Okay. The DC was ten, so you managed to successfully toss across the chasm."

"What's the perception check for?" Nora asked.

"To see if you can find something to tie one end of the rope."

"Ten."

"Okay. You see a nearby pillar that is intact and undamaged."

"I run over to tie the rope around it."

"And where do you tie your end, Ren?"

"I... go to the second floor of the nearest two-story house." Ren answered.

"I'm assuming you're tossing the rope to the second floor or having one of the civilians do it."

"Yes."

"Alright. You make it to the second floor and tie the rope around some columns."

"Wait. Don't you need something to rappel across so they don't get rope burns?" Flynt asked.

"Yes. I forgot about that." I answered before turning to Ren. "How will you go about this, Ren?"

"Can I look around the house to see if I find some gloves or something?" Ren asked.

"Give me a perception check."

"Fifteen."

"You find a stack of blacksmith gloves. While not ideal, they would do the job."

"I run back the civilians and give it to them."

"Okay. After putting on the gloves, they carefully rappel across the chasm." I said before rolling. "And they all passed the DC. Now, Ren. Are you going to rappel across or carefully move across?"

"Rappel." Ren answered.

"Give me an Athletics check."

"Four."

"Yeah. You struggle for the first couple of feet, with your grip weakening with each passing second. By the halfway point, your arms finally give out, and you fall into the chasm." I said as I rolled two d6. "And your character takes five points of damage from the fall."

"Wait. Can I use my abilities to see if I can pass?"

"Sorry. You can only use it with skills you have proficiency with. And you don't have proficiency with athletics."

"Well, at least the damage isn't too bad." Ren said as he put his hp to 25.

"You guys are lucky. Every time when my character takes fall damage, it's almost always max damage." Flynt said, causing us to chuckle.

"Anyway. After the fall, you climb out from the chasm with the rope that Pyrrha and Nora used to escape. You then dust yourself off before rejoining the others." I said.

"Now that we are all together. We should keep heading to the harbor." Pyrrha said.

"Do you mind if I tag along and bring some other civilians?" Flynt asked.

"Of course."

"Where are they?" Nora asked.

"And how many are there?" Ren asked.

"They are in the nearby house. And there are six. I was tending to some injured but came out when I heard the ground shake again."

"Are they still injured?" Pyrrha asked.

"No. But they are in no shape to fight. They don't even have weapons."

"That complicates things, considering this seems to be a full-on invasion." Ren said.

"How do you want to proceed? Do you want to keep following the route from earlier? Try a different route. Or something else?" I asked.

"I think we should try to find a different route." Nora said.

"One that is less populated or hidden." Pyrrha added.

"Can we roll to see if there is a hidden path we can take on the map the instructor gave us?" Ren asked.

"Yes, but at the same, no. There is no hidden path on the map. And even if there were, the roll would be too high." I answered.

"I guess we're going to have to find a different route." Pyrrha said.

"One that is not used as-" Nora began, but Ren interjected.

"Wait. I think I have something." He said.

"What is it?" I asked, curious.

"My background has this feature called City Secrets. It lets my character know the flow of the city and the secret passages others might miss. Can I use it to find a hidden passage or different route that's not on the map?"

"That... will work. Roll a survival or history check. But keep in mind, depending on the path you choose, the route will be different."

"I will roll... history." Ren said as he rolled his d20. "Nineteen."

"You remember seeing a hidden pathway at the harbor earlier today. From the looks of it, it was an underground pathway. And you also recall seeing one of the entrances when the instructor was taking you to the tavern. After a moment, you recall that the entrance is only two blocks away."

"Okay. I remember another path we could take that would lead us to the harbor. But it's underground."

"I'm not too sure about that." Pyrrha said. "We don't know the path or have ever been down there."

"Well, we don't have that much of a choice. And while it's true we don't know what's down there, the same can be said for up here. We don't know what's waiting for us around the corner." Nora said.

"True."

"So, should we head there or try and find another path?" Ren asked.

"I think we should take it." Pyrrha said.

"I think so too." Nora added.

"Alright. Just give me a moment to get the others from the house." Flynt said.

"With that, Flynt's character races into the house and exits a few seconds later with six others in tow. You all then follow Ren to where the entrance is. But as you head there, you keep hearing the sounds of battles echoing throughout the city. While you're unsure how close they are to you, you know you won't be able to fight them, let alone ensure the civilians' survival. After a few moments, the entrance comes into sight. But you also see two people guarding it. How do you want to proceed?" I asked.

"Are they armed?" Pyrrha asked.

"From what you can see, yes. One character has a weird pendant, white eyes, black hair, and is wielding a greatclub. However, the black robe the character is wearing prevents you from seeing anything else. The other figure is wearing a dark blue outfit, a red scarf, brown pants, and a hat. Also, there is a symbol of a wolf on the scarf. The figure is wielding a greatsword."

"My character asks Flynt's character if he knows who these two guards are." Ren said.

"No. I don't know them. But the wolf symbol on the red scarf tells me the figure is a Blood Hunter. The other, I'm not too sure." Flynt

answered.

"Are they just guarding the entrance?" Nora asked.

"Yes." I answered.

"Maybe we can convince them to let us through."

"Maybe. It's worth a shot." Ren said.

"Alright. We go up to them and try to convince them to let us pass." Pyrrha said.

"And as soon as you are a few feet away from them, the one with greatclub points her weapon at you while the other growls as he steps forward." I said. "Halt. Who goes there? Identify yourself!"

"We're just some low-level adventurers trying to escape town with some civilians we saved along the way." Pyrrha answered.

"Talk about a stretch. But why are you even here?"

"We need to go down into the tunnel. We can't risk getting the civilians getting hurt. There's too much happening around here."

"As if. We're not letting anyone down there. It's for transporting goods only. As she says this, she slices her hands and begins to bend the blood while the other figure's hands begin to glow bright pink." I said. "Now, do you still want to try and persuade or deceive them? Or do you want to force your way past them?"

"I want to try and deceive them." Ren said.

"Okay. Roll deception."

"Seventeen."

"Does that include your expertise?" Flynt asked.

"Yes."

"And the guard rolled a six, which makes it an eight. So, you passed. Do you know what you want to say to the guard?" I asked.

"Yes. I tell him that's what we are here for. The civilians have the materials, and we need to transport them to the harbor. But we can't let them get damaged because of all this fighting. Do you know how much this costs?"

"Hmm. Very well. You all may pass. But be careful down there. It can be dark."

"Thank you."

"Wait. What about the other one?" Pyrrha asked.

"Give me a perception check if you want to know that." I said.

"Seventeen."

"As you pass the guards and enter the tunnel, you cast a glance at the other figure. And while brief, you realize she is the student of the Blood Hunter. But she is also terrified of her and does not want to invoke her anger."

"What are Blood Hunters anyway?" Nora asked.

"Blood Hunters are warriors that have the ability to sacrifice their life force to empower their attacks or curse their foes. All the while, they struggle not to fall into the temptation of darkness." I answered.

"Is she a blood hunter as well?" Pyrrha asked.

"No. She is a Warlock."

"And Warlocks are people that have made pacts with otherworldly patrons." Flynt added.

"So, like a priest?" Ren asked.

"Kind of. Just... the exact opposite side."

"Oh." The other said.

"Anyway. As you continue down the hall, you realize it keeps getting darker and darker until you can't see anything. What do you do? Do you want to go back or light up the place somehow?" I asked.

"I have ten torches." Pyrrha said.

"Same." Nora said.

"And I have a hooded lantern." Ren said.

"Alright. After passing the torches to the civilians and lighting them, you can now see clearly. But you also realize that this is no ordinary tunnel."

"Can I roll a perception check?" Nora asked.

"You don't need to roll for this one. I'll just tell you." I said. "Instead of being a crudely round dirt tunnel, it is a perfect square. However, you also notice that cracks are beginning to form all around in the support beams. You immediately realize the battles that are happening up above are putting immense strain on whatever is keeping the tunnels together."

"We better hurry. I don't know how long this tunnel is going to hold." Pyrrha said.

"Then we should run." Nora said.

"Hold on. Who is where?" I asked.

"Uh, what do you mean?" Ren asked, confused, while I smirked at Flynt's worried expression as he knew what I was planning.

"I take it the civilians are in the center. But who is upfront, who is in the back, and who is in the corner? Or are you all in the front?"

"Ren. Didn't Jaune say you have an Alert feature or something like that?" Pyrrha asked.

"Yeah. But I forgot what it does." Ren answered.

"It gives you a +5 to initiative, which is how we determine the order in combat. It also makes it so you can't be surprised while you are conscious." Flynt answered.

"Yeah. I think you should be in the front, Ren, so we don't get any nasty surprises." Pyrrha said.

"Wait. I think a rune also gives me that." Nora said as she looked through her character sheet. "Yeah. I think it is the Storm Rune."

"You're right, Nora. The Storm Rune makes it so you can't be surprised as long as you aren't incapacitated." I said after double-checking. "So, where do you go?"

"Since I'm a... fighter, I say in the front."

"Alright. What about you, Pyrrha? And you Flynt?"

"Since I'm a cleric, I'll be in the back."

"He could use the help. My character will be with him." Pyrrha said.

"Alright." I said as I rolled a D12, which landed on a seven. "Okay. You all keep walking uninterrupted for what feels like seven blocks. But the sounds that you hear, followed by the vibrations, tell you that the battle is far from over. After a couple of more minutes, you come across a weird floating sign. And behind it, the path splits into three."

"What does the sign say?" Ren asked.

"There are three sections with arrows pointing to a single path. The first section says this: He, who controls his tongue, saves his head. And he who controls his desire saves his people. This arrow points to the left."

"That has to be the control for something." Pyrrha said, with the others agreeing.

"What do the other sections say?" Nora asked.

"This one points to the right. It says this: When one is prepared, difficulties do not come. And when the people are happy, the kingdom is prosperous."

"The path must lead to the emergency supplies." Ren said.

"And the last one?" Flynt asked.

"This arrow points north. The section goes like this: Wisely and slowly, you will return. Those that run will stumble and will never be seen again."

"Okay. The path on the left leads to a control room or something. The one on the right leads to an emergency storage room. And the middle one is probably the one we need to take." Pyrrha said.

"Most likely." Nora said.

"Which path do you want to take?" I asked.

"Let's check the path on the left. If it's a control room, it could give us something useful." Ren said.

"Possibly." Flynt nervously said.

"I think they would be a good idea." Nora said.

"I agree." Pyrrha added.

"Alright. You all go down the left path." I said as I rolled a d12 and smirked when it landed on a one. "For about ten minutes, you continue walking down the hallway. Aside from some empty boxes and weird floating devices, nothing really stands out to any of you. But that all changes when the hallways' walls suddenly change from dirt to metal. And after a few more steps, you all arrive at what seems to be an empty, massive room. The walls and beams going across them are made out of metal as well. However, the floor is a different story. There is a narrow pathway about five feet in width that leads to the opposite end of the room, where you see another door. And in the center of the pathway, there is another exact one there, but this one goes horizontally. In the center of the room hangs a wooden sign. Lastly, in the four corners of the room, where there is no pathway, you see some strange green liquid bubbling. Do you want to cross?"

"Hmm. No offense, Jaune. But I don't trust this. Can I roll a perception check?" Ren asked, causing me to chuckle and Flynt to sigh in relief.

"None taken. Go ahead."

"Thirteen." Ren said. "Can I use a Psionic die?"

"Go ahead."

"Seven."

"Alright. That's twenty in total. Your character notices the pathways are stone and not dirt or metal and that there are strange runes on each of the stones. But you also notice a phrase on the sign. However, what catches your attention the most is the walls. While the ones in the tunnel were symmetrical, the ones in the room seemed crudely made."

"Okay. My character tells the others that this room is clearly trapped." Ren said.

"Yeah. What should we do? Should we turn back or try to figure this out?" Pyrrha asked.

"I say we figure it out. Whatever is in there could help us or the others fight the dinosaur." Nora said.

"As you say this, the room violently shakes again." I said.

"We better solve it fast, then." Ren said.

"Can we make out what's on the sign?" Flynt asked.

"Yes." I said as I slid a sheet containing the symbols. There were ten in total. Each of them depicted two warriors in various positions. However, five of them showed one triumphing over the other or about to kill him. The other five showed one warrior being merciful to his defeated foe. "But first, here are the symbols on the floor."

"Uh. I'm not sure what to make of this." Nora said, confused.

"Maybe the sign could tell us what to do." Flynt said.

"During the day, on the battlefield, the king orders his men to slay their enemies. But once the light is extinguished and under the cover of darkness, the true test begins. And only the righteous and peaceful to their brethren may pass." I said.

"Well, that's just maddeningly unhelpful." Ren said.

"I think there is an order to which stones and symbols we should step on." Nora said.

"But the question is which one and in which order. I might not know the artificers personally, but I know they are paranoid. That said, I don't want to be on the receiving end of their security measures." Flynt said.

"Are you okay, Pyr?" I asked when I saw her snapping her fingers.

"Yeah, I'm fine, Jaune. I just... I feel... I think I..." Pyrrha started, snapping her fingers on her right hand while her left hand was on her temple. But after a moment, her eyes widened. "OH! OH! I-I KNOW THIS PUZZLE! I KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO!"

"What is it then?" I asked, chuckling at her joyous expression.

"I saw this puzzle before. It's slightly different, but the riddle tells us exactly what we need to do to cross safely."

"What is it then?" Ren asked.

"The puzzle has two halves. One is light, and the other is darkness. The riddle says the king orders his men to kill their enemies during the daytime. So that means, for the first part, while we have light, we must step on the stones where they have a warrior killing his opponent."

"And the second part?" Nora asked.

"We do the opposite. We snuff out our lights so we are in darkness. And we step on the tiles that have the warriors being merciful to each other."

"Congratulations, Pyrrha. You solved the puzzle." I said, impressed.

"Thanks, Jaune." She said, blushing for some reason.

"How did you know that was the answer?" Flynt asked, curious.

"There was this show I used to watch with my mom. And they had a similar puzzle where the character had to do one part in the light and the second part in the shade."

"I wasn't expecting that. But it still helped us." Nora said, chuckling.

"So, who crosses?" I asked.

"I think only me, Nora, and Ren should cross. Flynt's character should stay behind with the civilians." Pyrrha answered.

"Alright. Give me an acrobatics check with advantage."

"First is a two. And the second is an eighteen." Nora said.

"Fourteen and nineteen." Ren said.

"Fourteen and Twenty-four." Pyrrha said.

"Hold on. She got a Nat Twenty." Flynt said.

"Nice. Ren, Nora. You two struggle a bit but make it to the end. Pyrrha. With grace and agility that no one has ever seen before, you effortlessly reach the door without any trouble while leaving the civilians speechless." I said. "Now, what do you do?"

"We open the door and keep going." Pyrrha answered.

"Okay. It takes a bit of pushing, but you open the door. You then walk down the long hallway until you find another door. Do you try to open it?"

"I want to roll perception first." Ren said.

"Alright. Go ahead."

"A one." Ren said, glaring at the dice.

"Okay." I said as we all laughed. "Ren. Your character has no idea what they are looking at. He thinks it is a piece of metal, but he is not sure."

"I have no idea what we are looking at." Ren said, going along with it.

"How about you two? Do you want to try?"

"Sure." They answered.

"Ten." Pyrrha answered.

"Eighteen." Nora said.

"Okay. After scanning the door and the wall around it, you notice there are no traps. But you also see there is no knob on the door, and there is a weird device next to the door with something connecting it to the door."

"What is it?" Ren asked.

"It is in the shape of a square, and there are eight square pink pieces in it. And after examing it, you realize each piece can slide, which explains why there is one missing. And you know you have to solve it to open the door."

"Oh, great. A sliding tile puzzle. I hate those." Nora said.

"Who wants to try to solve it?"

"I guess I will try." Ren said.

"Alright. Give me a-" I began, but Nora interjected.

"Hold on. I got a better idea to deal with frustrations like this." Nora said.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, both nervous and confused.

"I'm going to use my warhammer and break the door down."

"Uh. Okay." I said, scrambling through my notes while secretly looking up what a DC would be for a situation like this. Thankfully, I quickly found one. "Alright. Wait. Are you going to force open the door or destroy it?"

"Destroy it."

"Okay. Roll Athletics"

"Twenty-six."

"And you pass. Your character adjusts her grip on her warhammer before swinging it with enough force to send the door off its hinges."

"YES!"

"Okay." I said, chuckling. "You all enter the room and take a look around. Nothing immediately stands out, but you soon see a few things that might help you. You see a couple of vials, a book about sailing, some strange keys, and a strange bag. Do you take them?"

"Yes." They answered.

"Alright. After taking the items, you exit the room and head back to the others."

"Do we have to roll again to get across the floor?" Nora asked.

"No. When you return, you see that the symbols have mysteriously disappeared. And after crossing the room, you regroup with the others." I said as I handed Flynt a sheet of what the others found so his character could tell them in-game.

"Glad to you all okay." Flynt said.

"Thanks." Ren said.

"But what was the loud crash we heard?"

"Nora broke down a door." Pyrrha answered.

"The artificers are not going to be happy about there. But did you bring anything?"

"Yes. A few vials, a book about sailing, some strange keys, and a strange bag."

"Strange bag? More like a damn useful bag. This is a Bag of Holding."

"A bag of holding?" Nora asked.

"It's what the name implies. It might not look like much, but it can hold up to 500 pounds and yet not weigh more than 15 pounds."

"Okay. Now that's useful."

"But what about the potions? My character shows him the vials." Ren said.

"Nice. You got some healing potions, some elixirs of health, a potion of vitality, and a potion of invisibility."

"Speaking potions, you still took damage from the fall into the chasm. Would you like to take a potion or let Flynt heal you?" I asked.

"I say we let Flynt heal us." Nora said.

"Same." Pyrrha and Ren said.

"How will you heal them, Flynt?" I asked.

"I'm going to cast Mass Healing Word." Flynt answered.

"Okay. Nora. Pyrrha. Ren. Roll a D4 and add Flynt's spellcasting modifier, which is-"

"A +5."

"A +5. Roll a D4 and add five."

"Okay." They said as they rolled and changed their hp.

"Now. Do you want to do anything else here or go back and focus on getting the civilians out of there?"

"Let's get out of here. I think we way overstayed our welcome." Pyrrha answered.

"Alright. After putting away the supplies and doing a quick headcount, you all head back the way you came. Once you return to the sign, which path do you take?"

"The center one." Nora answered.

"Okay." I said as I rolled a D12, which landed on a twelve. "You all continue down the path for a while, with the sounds of the battle above breaking the silence. At moments, you think the tunnel might collapse, but it stays intact, which is a testament to the artificer's building craft. After a while, you come across another room. However, this one is far smaller than the one that led to the control room. And in the center, there is an altar with ten barrels on top. And each barrel has a nozzle. Behind the altar is five different paintings. What do you do?"

"Can we investigate the paintings?" Pyrrha asked.

"Yes. You all go up to them and see that they depict five different scenarios. The one on the far right shows a person on a chair holding a sword and petting an animal. The one on the far left shows a person with a scar on his face yelling. He is wielding a spear and a sword. Between his feet is a damaged helmet with a red plume. The one next to the far right shows a lady holding a shield and standing on top of a pile of skulls. And on her shoulder is a white dove. The painting next to the one on the far left shows a bloodied person with multiple scars covering his body. He is holding a sword in each hand, and in his mouth is a black rose. And lastly, the painting in the center. There are two people that are holding hands. One is holding a pineapple, and the other is holding a cholate bar."

"Okay. I'm not sure what to make of those." Ren said.

"Is there anything on the barrels?" Pyrrha asked.

"Yes. On each barrel, there is a symbol. The symbols are a sword, a person, an animal, a chair, a helmet, a spear, a shield, a skull, a rose, and food."

"I guess we have to mix a potion or something. And those paintings tell us the recipe." Flynt said.

"Is there a riddle somewhere?" Nora asked.

"Yes. On the altar, next to the chalice that wasn't there a second ago, is an inscription. It goes like this. All Kingdoms want me, but death follows in their desires. All it takes to stop lost lives is a firm stance and a will of protection." I said.

"Okay. So it seems like the riddle is pointing out the symbols and what they represent. And the paintings tell us which one to use." Ren said.

"Right. Each symbol here has multiple meanings, and that's not including the ones based on perspective." Pyrrha said.

"Yeah. A weapon can mean protection, aggression, hostility, or even in some cases, intellect." Nora said.

"Well, I know peace is something the kingdoms want. But that's only one of them. Sometimes all they desire is war." Flynt said.

"Shield can mean protection." Pyrrha said before gaining a thoughtful look. "How about we try and eliminate some paintings?"

"I think we can eliminate the one in the center since it doesn't relate at all to the riddle." Nora said.

"Yeah. Some kingdoms want their citizens happy, but I doubt it for this riddle." Ren said.

"I think we can also eliminate the one with the spear. This painting seems to represent a final stance or just a lust for war." Pyrrha said.

"True." Flynt said.

"What happens if we make the wrong potion?" Nora asked.

"You'll see." I answered, internally smirking as I prepared for their next encounter.

"I don't like the sound of that." Flynt said, causing me to chuckle.

"Let's try the painting with the two swords and a black rose. Black roses are often said to represent death. And you could use swords to protect others." Pyrrha said.

"Alright." The others said.

"Okay. Who's going to mix it?" I asked.

"I will." Nora said.

"Alright. Nora. Your character takes the chalice and looks at the paintings and sees the two swords, rose, and person. She then goes to the corresponding barrels with those symbols. She then opens the nozzles and pours some of the liquid into the chalice before taking a drink. At first, nothing happens. But after a moment, you start to feel strange, which is then replaced by a tingly feeling. It starts to subside a bit, and you think it's over. But no sooner than that, you feel like something massive punched you in the gut so hard that you fall to your knees." I said before rolling a 2D8s. "Give me a constitution save."

"What happened?" Nora asked.

"It was the wrong potion."

"What did we make?" Ren asked.

"You inadvertently made a potion that induces vomiting. It's something that is generally used on people suffering from specific kinds of poison."

"Thirteen." Nora said.

"You barely managed to stop yourself from vomiting. But you still take seven damage from this." I said. "Sorry."

"It's fine." Nora said as she changed her hp. "After all, it's just a game. We're supposed to have fun."

"Tell that to some others." I whispered, rolling my eyes. "Anyway. Now you know that painting is definitely wrong. Which one do you try now?"

"Let's try painting three." Ren said.

"Can one of you try it this time? I don't think my character is up to it." Nora said.

"I'll try it." Pyrrha said.

"Okay. Same process. You look over the painting and pour the corresponding liquids into the chalice. And once you take it, you feel refreshed. But before you can say anything, your character's body starts to glow yellow. And a beam suddenly shoots out to the door on the end, causing it to open. Once it does, the glow fades. You did it. That was the correct potion." I said.

"Well, it seems like we weren't too far off." Ren said. "But out of curiosity, what did the other potions do?"

"Well, you know about the one that makes your character throw up. The others are a sleep potion, a blindness potion, and a cure if you take the wrong ones."

"Guess we got lucky." Pyrrha said.

"My character tells yours to speak for herself." Nora said.

"Anyway. You continue traveling down the hallway with the pedestrians following. Although, some are still snickering at Nora's

misfortune." I said as I rolled a D12, which landed on an eleven. However, this meant they landed on an encounter square on my version of the map. And I internally winced when I saw the number the D100 landed on. Thankfully, I knew of a way to weaken the monsters so they wouldn't steamroll through Pyrrha, Nora, Ren, and Flynt. While some other tables disapproved of this, I always did this to make the game more for my party and friends. "Alright. After about ten minutes, you notice that the walls start gradually changing from metal back to dirt."

"Can I roll a perception check?" Ren asked.

"Go ahead."

"Seventeen."

"As your character pays closer attention, he realizes the tunnels were different. Unlike how they were when your character first went underground, these tunnels seem incomplete, like the Artificers are still working on them. But you also notice something alarming. All the support beams are starting to show visible cracks. And from the roll, you could tell that they won't last long. The tunnel will soon collapse due to the battles going on above."

"My character tells the others that we should hurry. The tunnel could collapse at any moment."

"Then we should hurry." Flynt said.

"As you all continue down the hallway, you all notice that the tunnel is starting to change. While you could tell some parts of the tunnel still resembled what was once a perfect square, the rest seemed like something burrowed through it. The hundreds of broken planks and supplies on the floor only reinforce that."

"Can we try and see what could have caused it?" Pyrrha asked.

"No. The pass would be too high, and your characters wouldn't even know where to begin." I answered. "Anyway. As your characters continue, they eventually start to hear the sounds of growling and what seems like something chewing on something. And not long after, they smell something horrific. Soon, you all come across some boxes blocking your path. What do you do with them? And just so you know, the sounds seem to be coming not too far behind the boxes."

"It could be an enemy." Ren said.

"Probably." Pyrrha said.

"Can we move the boxes so we can see what's making the noise without alerting anybody?"

"Give me a sleight of hand roll." I answered.

"Ten." Ren said.

"Ten?" I asked, surprised at the low number.

"Yes, ten." Ren hastily answered. But how he answered only confused me further.

"Wait. Flynt." I said, turning to him.

"Yes?" He asked.

"What skills did Ren choose to have expertise in?"

"Uh. It was stealth, sleight of hand, acrobatics, and deception. And I think he has a +3 to Dex."

"No. I have a +2." Ren quickly said.

"No. You have a +3. I remember you rolling a 15 for your Dex and using the ability score improvements to increase it to 17."

"Wait a minute." I said, realizing what was happening. "Ren."

"Yes?" He asked.

"Did you roll a natural one?" I asked, causing him to sigh.

"Yes." He answered.

"That explains it." I said, chuckling as I remember doing the same back then. "So you got a Nat 1. As your character slowly moves the boxes, he stumbles a bit, which causes the boxes to fall over and spill their contents. And because of the sudden noise, all the enemies up ahead stop what they are doing and pull out their weapons before turning to you. Get ready for combat. Roll initiative."

"How do you do that again?" Pyrrha asked.

"A D20 plus your dexterity modifier."

"And, Ren. Don't forget to add a +5 because of your feat." Flynt added.

"Also. Put yourselves on this map toward the bottom of the green area." I said as I slid a graph paper with an area shaded green. The shaded area was five boxes wide and eleven boxes in length, with each box being five feet of movement.

"Alright. And I got a twenty-seven." Ren said. "If I only got a high roll on the other roll."

"I got a fifteen." Nora said.

"Twelve." Pyrrha said.

"And the enemies." I said as I rolled.

"Who are they facing?" Flynt asked. "Also. I got a seven."

"There are three Troglodytes and two Minotaurs." I answered.

"Okay. I'm now glad for some of the spells I took and the potions you gave us."

"Are they difficult?" Pyrrha asked.

"That... Uh. I can't really say without it being metagaming."

"What's metagaming?" Nora asked, curious.

"Uh. Metagaming is basically using the knowledge you know to your advantage that your characters wouldn't know. Let me give you an example. Let's say you know how to mix dust into something that will make your grenades more powerful. But your character, who has never seen dust before, wouldn't know what to do. But during gameplay, you use your knowledge to cheat the game. Although this is just a rough example. Most of the time, players do it in combat by using an enemy's weakness."

"So, was I metagaming earlier?" Pyrrha nervously asked.

"No. That wasn't metagaming. That was just you solving the puzzle by remembering something. I would say it's metagaming if you went online to find a guide to solve the puzzle. Also, you don't have to worry too much about that. It's generally pretty hard to metagame puzzles, primarily because DMs use unique puzzles or reflavor them a lot."

"Oh. I was afraid for a moment."

"Don't be. If something happens, I'll let you know. And also, I'm pretty lenient when it comes to specific things." I assured her, causing her to smile. "But anyway, let's get back to the game."

"What did the enemies roll?" Nora asked.

"The Troglodytes rolled a four. They are represented by the letter T. The Minotaurs got a seven. And they are represented by the M." I

answered. "Okay. So the attack order is Ren, Nora, Pyrrha, Flynt, Minotaurs, and the Troglodytes."

"Wait. Why did you roll only once for them?" Ren asked.

"I generally just use one roll for enemies of the same type. It saves time. But if one of them is different enough, I give them their own separate roll."

"Oh. That makes sense."

"Okay. Ren. It's your turn. What do you do? Remember, you have thirty feet of movement speed, and each box is five feet. The Troglodytes are thirty feet from you, and the Minotaurs are thirty-five feet away. But you just need to be in the box next to them to attack them with a melee weapon."

"Alright. Let me see." Ren said as he looked through his character sheet. "Can I use that invisibility scroll?"

"Yes. Although, Flynt. But for this time, I'll let you use it as if you already have it."

"Thanks. So, I use it and become invisible. Can I attack or move?"

"You can. But you become visible again if you attack or cast a spell. Moving, however, won't end the effect."

"I take it I can't move through enemies, right?"

"Yes. You can move through allies but not enemies."

"Alright. What was the name of the action that doubles the movement speed?"

"That's the dash action. You double your movement speed, but you can't attack."

"Okay. The Troglodytes are in the left, center, and middle columns. And the minotaurs are in between them but a row back. I'll dash up to Minotaur 1 and then go diagonally left."

"Alright. Do you do anything else?" I asked as I placed Ren's character next to Minotaur 1.

"No." Ren answered.

"Okay. Nora's turn. What do you do? It's twenty-five feet in a straight line to Troglodyte 2 since you were one row in front of Ren's character."

"My character takes out her warhammer and charges straight at it. I can still attack, right?" Nora asked.

"Yes. You can still attack."

"Okay. I'll swing with my mighty warhammer."

"Roll to attack. And don't forget to add your Strength Modifier and Proficiency bonus."

"Twenty-seven."

"That hits. Now are you using two hands or one hand to attack?"

"Two hands."

"Okay. Roll a D10 and add your strength modifier to the damage."

"Fifteen damage."

"Wow. Your character swings with all her might and strikes the Troglodyte so hard that it flies away, dead."

"YES!"

"Do you do anything else? Remember, you have ten feet of movement speed left and an extra attack. You can move up and attack either of the Minotaurs."

"Can I move diagonally?"

"Yes. But whoever you don't attack will have advantage when it is its turn."

"Okay. So I will move up one and attack Minotaur 2."

"Roll to hit."

"Thirteen."

"That misses."

"Well, at least I got one of them."

"Pyrrha's turn. What do you do?"

"I will move diagonally and then up so I am between the trog... troglo..."

"Troglodyte." I said.

"Right. I'll move to be between the Troglodyte 3 and the Minotaur 2 and next to Nora's character."

"Okay. That's twenty-five feet of movement. Who do you attack?"

"I'll attack the Troglodyte."

"With your spear, right?"

"Yes."

"Roll to hit. And just like Nora, add your strength and proficiency bonus."

"Okay. Oh. Wait. Can I use a maneuver?"

"Sure. Which one? And don't forget to change the five to a four if your attack hits."

"Trip Attack. And I got a twenty-four."

"That hits. Roll damage and add strength. Wait. You're wielding your shield, right?"

"Yes."

"Alright. So it's a D6."

"Nine damage."

"Alright. And since it hit, roll the superiority dice, which is a D8, and add it to the damage."

"One."

"So, the total is ten damage. And it must make a Strength saving throw, which it sucks at." I said as I rolled the die, which landed on a twelve. "It got a twelve, and with its modifier, it got a fourteen. Now the Troglodyte is prone. You still have an extra attack. Do you want to use it to finish it off?"

"Yes."

"Roll to hit with advantage since it is prone."

"Okay." Pyrrha said before rolling the dice. "Oh, no."

"What happened?" I asked.

"I got a one."

"On both?"

"No, just one."

"Oh, don't worry then. Remember, with advantage; we use the higher roll."

"Oh, thank, Oum."

"So, what is the higher roll?" Flynt asked.

"Twelve."

"Okay. I'm just going to say you kill it since it has one hit point remaining. After tripping the Troglodyte, your character flourishes her spear before stabbing it in the face." I said.

"Yes." Pyrrha said, happy. "Can I do anything else?"

"Yes. You can do a bonus action if you have something that allows you to do it. Or you can do a class's ability feature, which is Action Surge. This essentially lets you take another turn of attacks. But keep in mind you only have one use before needing to take a short rest to be able to use it again."

"Okay. In that case, I'll end my turn."

"Now. It is the Minotaur's turn. And it will go for Nora with its great axe." I said as I rolled the D20. However, I winced at what it showed.

"What did it get?" Flynt asked, worried.

"It got a critical hit. Oh, this is going to hurt." I answered.

"Wait. I think I have something that can make the Minotaur roll again." Pyrrha interjected.

"Really? What is it?" I asked.

"I think it's my fighting style, which is Protection."

"Right. Yes. Because you're wielding a shield and Nora is right next to you, you can impose disadvantage on an enemy that is attacking a nearby ally." I said, relieved. "And this time, it got an eight, which misses."

"That was close." Nora said.

"However. That was Minotaur 1's turn. Now it's Minotaur 2's turn." I said as I rolled a die. "And it will attack Pyrrha. But first, it will use Reckless."

"What does that do?" Ren asked.

"It gives the Minotaur advantage to hit at the cost of attacks against it also having advantage." Flynt answered.

"This might not end well." Pyrrha said.

"And it got a nine and a twenty-one, which hits."

"Uh. Let me see if I have something." Pyrrha said as she frantically looked through her character sheet. But with a defeated sigh, she set them down after a moment. "No. I got nothing."

"BUT I DO!" Nora quickly interjected.

"What do you have, Nora?" I asked.

"I have the stone rune. It says I can swap targets."

"You're confusing it, Nora. What you're thinking is the Cloud Rune. When you see a creature that's within thirty feet of you gets attacked, you can invoke the rune to change targets. But the new target must also be within thirty feet."

"Yes. That one. Can I use that?"

"Alright. But before I continue, where is the rune on your character? It can be anywhere as long as you can wear it or hold it."

"Can I have it on my warhammer?"

"Alright. When your character sees Pyrrha's character about to be it, your character quickly mutters a chant, causing the rune to glow. Then, from out of nowhere, the Minotaur's attack suddenly veered off to another target. What is the new target?"

"The other Minotaur."

"Alright. After veering off, Minotaur 2's attack hits Minotaur 1 for seventeen damage." I said. "Now, Flynt's turn."

"Alright. Since there is no one else guarding the civilians, I'll stay where I am. But I will cast Guiding Bolt and hit Minotaur 1 for 4d6 radiant damage."

"Okay, roll to hit."

"Twenty-six."

"That hits. Roll damage."

"Not bad. Sixteen damage."

"And because it's Guiding Bolt, the next attack against Minotaur 1 has advantage." I said as I wrote the new hp. "Do you do anything else?"

"No. That's it for me."

"Okay. Now it's the Troglodyte's turn. And it will go for Nora after it moves next to her." I said as I rolled the die. But I had to hold in a laugh at what it got.

"Does it hit?" Nora asked.

"Nope. It got a nat 1. So I have to get out the crit failure table."

"Crit fail table?" Pyrrha asked, confused.

"Every group has their own way of what they do with crits in combat. Jaune has a table for critical hits and critical failure." Flynt explained.

"Does it apply to anything we might face?" Ren asked.

"Yes and no. Bosses are immune to crits. And if you do get one, it is only double damage. But bosses get their own crit table." Flynt answered before turning to me. "What did it get?"

"It got a twenty-four. And that means it hits a nearby ally which gives the alley disadvantage on attack rolls and halves its movement speed." I answered.

"How?" Pyrrha asked, curious.

"The Troglodyte swings its claws and hits the privates of the Minotaur for five damage."

"Oh, that's got to hurt." Flynt said with him and Ren wincing.

"So, is that its turn?" Nora asked.

"Nope. The Troglodyte used its multi-attack. Two attacks with its claws and one bite attack. Now it will try to hit Nora again." I answered. "And it got a twenty-one."

"I think that hits."

"And that deals four damage. So, subtract it from your current hp." I said as I rolled again. "Now. It will go again for you, Nora. But this time for a bite attack. This time, it got a nineteen, which I believe hits, which deals you another four damage."

"Oh, I'm so getting back at it next turn." Nora said as she changed her hp.

"But first, Ren's turn. And since he started his turn within five feet of the Troglodyte, he needs to make a constitution saving throw or be poisoned."

"And I got a six." Ren said.

"Okay. Because of that, you are now poisoned. You now have disadvantage on all attack rolls and ability checks. But because you are still invisible, you roll normally if you choose to attack." I said. "Now, what do you want to do?"

"I will use my Psychic Blades to attack Minotaur 1."

"Alright. Roll to hit."

"Seventeen."

"That hits. Roll damage and add your dex modifier to the 1D6."

"Five damage."

"Okay. Now do you want to use your bonus action to create another blade and attack? If you do, it's a 1D4."

"Yes. And this time, I got a seventeen again."

"That hits. Roll damage."

"Seven damage."

"Okay. The Minotaur is looking pretty banged up now. Now roll for the sneak attack damage."

"Thirteen damage."

"Alright. It's on its last legs now." I said. "Now it's Nora's turn. But first, she needs to make a constitution save."

"Thirteen." Nora said.

"You pass and now are immune to the Troglodyte's stench for an hour." I said. "Now, what do you do?"

"As much as I want to get back at the Troglodyte, the Minotaur is the bigger threat. I will attack with my warhammer. And I'll use both hands."

"Roll to hit."

"Fifteen."

"That hits. Roll damage."

"Fourteen damage."

"And that kills. Your character grips her warhammer tightly before bringing it on top of the Minotaur's head, obliterating it. Now who do you turn your attention to?"

"The little creature that bit me."

"Okay. Roll to hit."

"HAH! NAT 20!" Nora cheered.

"Okay. Okay. Let me bring up the crit table." I said, laughing as I rolled a D100. Although, I knew it was pointless considering how much health Troglodytes have. "An eighty. You don't need to roll damage. Your character turns it into a bloody pancake after she smashes it into the ground."

"YES!"

"Okay. Pyrrha's turn." I said, still laughing. "What do you do?"

"I will attack Minotaur 2 with my spear." Pyrrha answered.

"Okay. Roll to hit."

"Twelve."

"That misses. You still have your extra attack."

"Well, if a twelve misses, a ten definitely misses."

"Okay. Do you want to use your action surge?"

"No. I want to save it. I have a feeling I might need it later."

"Alright. Now it is the Minotaur's turn. First, he will move back fifteen feet. And because of this, Nora and Pyrrha get opportunity attacks."

"What is an opportunity attack?" Nora asked.

"When you leave an enemy's melee attack range, they provoke an opportunity attack. When that happens, you get to make one melee attack at the cost of your reaction."

"Okay. That's an eleven." Nora said.

"And I got a fourteen." Pyrrha said.

"Nora. Your attack misses. Pyrrha, your attack also misses, but it brings up something I forgot." I said.

"What is it?" Ren asked.

"If your attack roll equals the AC of whatever you're trying to hit, the defender wins, and the attacker's attack misses. The Minotaur's AC is fourteen. So both attacks miss, and it gets to move back fifteen feet."

"What will it do now?" Flynt asked despite already knowing.

"It will charge at Pyrrha and use Gore." I answered as I grabbed the D20.

"Wait. I'll use my... feat to attack it as soon as it gets into range." Pyrrha said.

"You have the polearm master feat, right?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Okay. You can do that. Roll to hit."

"I got a thirteen and a plus seven, so... twenty."

"That hits. Roll damage."

"Nine damage. Can I attack with the back end of my spear like the feat says I can do?"

"No. You can only do that on your turn when you take the attack action. This is an opportunity attack." Flynt explained.

"Oh."

"And now to roll for the Minotaur. It got a nineteen. Does that hit?"

"Uh. Yes." Pyrrha answered after checking her AC.

"Okay. You take twenty-two damage. Now, give me a strength saving throw."

"Fifteen."

"You pass. Your character barely manages to stay rooted to the ground." I said. "Now, it's Flynt's turn."

"Since they took a lot of damage, I'm going to cast Mass Cure Wounds." Flynt said.

"Okay. So, everyone, heal 3D8 plus five. And then add seven to it."

"The hp doesn't go over our max, right?" Nora asked.

"That's correct."

"Okay. I got a thirty-two in total. So, I'm back to full health." Nora said as she fixed her hp.

"And I got a total of twenty-four. I'm at full too." Pyrrha said.

"Do you do anything else, Flynt?" I asked.

"No. That's it for me." Flynt answered.

"Now it's Ren's turn. And since he is no longer invisible, he now has disadvantage on all attack rolls." I said. "And just so you know, you can flank the Minotaur by moving your character to the opposite side of where Pyrrha's character is."

"Okay. I move to that spot." Ren said as I changed his position on the map. "Now I will attack with my soul blades. I can do that again, right?"

"Yes. There is no limit to it, and you don't have to spend any dice."

"Okay. I will attack with the soul knife. And I got a... seven."

"That misses. Want to use your bonus action to attack again?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Roll to hit."

"Fifteen."

"Hits. Roll damage and add your sneak attack damage."

"Seven damage from the knife. And fourteen damage from the sneak attack damage." Ren said.

"Okay. Now is Nora's turn." I said.

"I will attack with my warhammer again."

"Okay. Roll to hit."

"Nineteen."

"Roll for damage now."

"Eleven damage. And I will attack again with my warhammer. Twenty-three."

"Alright. Damage?"

"Fifteen."

"Okay. The Minotaur isn't looking too good." I said, as it only had twenty hp left. "Now, Pyrrha's turn."

"Alright. I will attack with my spear and use my disarming attack maneuver." Pyrrha said.

"Okay. Roll to hit."

"Sixteen."

"Okay. Roll damage while I make the saving throw."

"Eight damage."

"And it failed the saving throw, so it loses its great axe."

"Now, I will use my extra attack."

"Okay."

"Twenty-five to hit. And that's ten damage." Pyrrha said. "And for my bonus action, I will use my feat's feature to attack with the other end."

"Okay. Roll for it. And it if hits, it's a D4."

"Damn. I got a fourteen."

"Defender wins. Now it is the Minotaur's turn. It will use Gore." I said as I rolled the die. "And it got a seventeen. Does that hit?"

"No. I have an eighteen. And because the attack missed, can I use my Riposte maneuver?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

"Fifteen."

"Okay. The Minotaur tried to attack you, but your character deflects it to the side before countering with a powerful thrust of her spear, which goes through the Minotaur's head, killing it."

"Yes. I did it."

"Yes, you did, Pyrrha. And that ends this round of enemies."

"That was close." Nora said.

"But fun." Ren added.

"Wait. Did you say this round?" Flynt asked. I smirked and nodded.

"Yes. After Pyrrha's character removes the Minotaur's body from her spear, the ground starts to shake. Then, twenty-five feet away from you, another monster comes bursting forth from the ground. The creature has glowing blue eyes, red spikes on its back, eight legs, and a tail. Now, before we roll for initiative, give me a constitution saving throw." I said.

"Twenty-three." Nora said.

"I got a twenty on the die." Pyrrha said.

"And I got a three." Ren said, glaring at the dice, causing Flynt and me to chuckle as we knew the feeling.

"Okay. Nora. You pass. Pyrrha, because of the Nat 20, you don't have to make the saving throw next turn. But the turn after, you do. Ren." I said, turning to him.

"Yes." He nervously said.

"Your character is now restrained as your body feels stiff like it was made from stone. This means your character can't move, has disadvantage on attacks and dexterity saving throws, and any attack made against you has advantage."

"Okay. This isn't good."

"Now, roll for initiative."

"Six." Nora said.

"Fifteen." Pyrrha said.

"Twenty-eight." Ren said.

"Twelve." Flynt said.

"And the monster, which is called a Basilisk, got an eleven. So the turn order is Ren, Pyrrha, Flynt, the Basilisk, and Nora." I said. "Okay, Ren. Roll another Constitution saving throw."

"Thirteen." Ren said.

"Alright. You pass by one. Now, what do you do?"

"Since I can't move, I will use my short bow." Ren said.

"Roll to hit."

"Nine."

"That misses."

"Damn."

"Pyrrha's turn. What do you do?"

"I will move to be in front of the monster but diagonally. And then I will attack with my spear."

"Okay. Roll to hit."

"Twenty-four. Does that hit?"

"Yes. Roll damage."

"Nine damage. And now I will use my feat's feature to attack with the other end of my spear."

"Roll for it."

"Twenty-two."

"Hits."

"Six damage."

"My extra attack. And this one was a twelve."

"That's a miss."

"I will use Action Surge."

"Go ahead. You can do it all again."

"Okay. The first attack is fifteen."

"That matches, the defender wins."

"Second attack. Nineteen."

"That hits. Roll for damage."

"Six damage. And I will use my feat's feature again. And it's a twenty-three."

"Okay. A d4 for damage."

"Six total damage."

"Okay. Now it is Flynt's turn."

"I will move up ten feet. And then I will cast Bless and target everyone." Flynt said.

"Alright. That will come in handy, especially for Ren." I said.

"What does Bless do?" Ren asked.

"Until the effect ends, everyone adds a D4 to a saving throw or attack roll."

"Okay, I definitely need that."

"Nora. Your turn. Make a con save and add the D4."

"Twenty-four."

"You pass."

"Alright. Can I use Giant Might?" Nora asked.

"Yes. Your character speaks another chant before growing in size. Now what do you do?"

"I will strike with my warhammer."

"Roll to hit."

"Eighteen. And for damage." Nora said before rolling a D10. "That's fifteen damage."

"Don't forget to add a D6 because of Giant Might."

"Two damage."

"Okay. The Basilisk isn't looking too good."

"I will attack again. And I got another twenty!"

"Let me get the crit table while you roll damage." I said before rolling the D100, which landed on a seventy-four.

"Twelve damage."

"Okay. Seventy-four. Nora. Your character raises her hammer overhead before bringing it down on the Basilisk. And the attack had so much force, you not only killed it, but sent it back into the ground. Yeah, you scored triple damage when it only had nine health left."

"Yes."

"Is combat over now?" Flynt nervously asked.

"Yes. Combat is now over." I said before turning to Ren. "Also, Ren. Your character is no longer restrained because the Basilisk is no longer there or alive."

"Okay. That's good. I don't think I would have survived, even though I hadn't taken damage yet." Ren said.

"What's your max hp, Ren?" I asked.

"30."

"Yeah, that would have been a problem. The Basilisk deals seventeen points of damage on average per round." I said, glad the monsters were defeated before they could target Ren. "Anyway. Now, because Nora sent the Basilisk into the ground, she inadvertently compromised the tunnel's infrastructure more. Cracks start appearing on the walls. One big one soon forms that heads to the ceiling and stops at the massive support beam. And not even a second later, it falls. Give me a Dexterity saving throw."

"Wait. Can I go under it and try to stop it from crushing us and then toss it to the side?" Nora asked.

"Only because you're still size large because of Giant Might. Also, it does give you advantage, but roll normally because there is a disadvantage that cancels it out."

"Twenty-six."

"Not wasting any time, your character pushes the others to the side and catches the falling support beam. She struggles with it for a moment before successfully throwing it away from the group and civilians."

"Nice save, Nora." Pyrrha said.

"Okay. Now that everyone is safe, you all continue heading the tunnel. And after about ten minutes, you finally reach the end, where you see the longship you can use to escape. It takes a bit of work, but you all managed to get the pedestrians on board before sailing off. While unsure where you're going, you take comfort in knowing that you are now safe and even rescued some innocents." I said before closing the DM shield. "And with that said, you all completed your first D&D session. How was it?"

"IT WAS FUN!" Nora answered.

"Yeah. It was a lot of fun." Pyrrha agreed.

"Minus the part where my character threw up."

"And the few times I got a nat 1." Ren added. "But fun either way."

"Well, I'm glad you like it, guys." I said.

"Do you have any more sessions ready?" Nora asked.

"I have a few. But it's kind of late now."

"Really?" Ren asked as he took out his scroll and saw that it was nearing nine. "Oh. I should have seen that coming. Time always flies when you're having fun."

"True." Flynt said.

"Well, we better get back to Beacon. Thanks for the fun time, Jaune." Pyrrha said as we got up.

"No problem, Pyr. And if you guys want, we can have another session whenever we are all free." I said.

"That would be nice. See you later at Beacon, Jaune." Nora said, smiling.

"See you soon, Jaune." Ren said, chuckling as Nora moved to stand next to him.

"Thanks for the game, Jaune. I had a great time." Pyrrha said.

"You're welcome, Pyrrha." I said as she pulled me into a hug. But I blushed hard when Pyrrha began nuzzling into my neck. And because of how close she was, I could smell her perfume. She stayed like this for a few moments, continuously nuzzling me while tightening the hug. However, I froze when Pyrrha pulled back slightly before kissing me on the lips. And before I could say anything, Pyrrha left with Nora and Ren chuckling for some reason.

"Well, that was something." Flynt said, smirking.

"Uh, it was." I said, dazed as my mind was still trying to process everything.

"Anway. Should we continue testing out those homebrew items? I think I have an idea on how to balance that homebrew cursed shield idea you had."

"Oh, right. Yeah. Let's hear it." I said as I sat down and took a sheet of paper. Yet, my mind wasn't still fully there. Although, I am still

looking forward to the next session with my team and Team Rwby. But I am curious if any other teams might discover this place.

Notes:

First, I know the net typically has disadvantage rolls when you use it, regardless of the range. But I changed it since the design never made sense to me.

Second, I put "Televisions" there for simplicity's sake.

Third, sorry for the delay in this chapter. I had other puzzles in mind for this chapter, like an Oculus puzzle where you had to see through a lens to see hidden objects, but they proved more challenging to write out without it being confusing.

Now, for the next chapter.

Who should be in it: Team CFVY or Ozpin, Glynda, Ironwood, and Winter?

I have the plot for the chapter set. But I also need help with what classes they should be.